

# POEMS AND SONGS.

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By *Thomas Flatman.*

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The Second Edition  
With Additions and Amendments.

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————— *Me quoque Vatem*  
*Dicunt Pastores, sed non Ego credulus Illis.*  
Virgil.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed by S. and B. G. for Benjamin Took,  
at the Ship in St. Pauls Church-yard, and  
*Jonathan Edwin* at the three Roses in  
Ludgate Street, 1676.



Hayle Print.

R. White sculp.

THOMAS FLATMAN.



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James Van Kinsland

## ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

## READER.

**B**Y long Prescription time out  
of mind, *the next Leaf to*  
*the Title Page claims an*  
EPISTLE to the READER; I  
*had the Project once in my own*  
*thoughts too: But the Market is so*  
*abominably forestall'd already with*  
*all manner of excuses for Printing,*  
*that I could not possibly contrive One,*  
A 2 that

## Advertisement

*that would look any thing New :  
And besides I never found, amongst  
all the EPISTLES that I have  
read, that the best Rethorick in 'em  
could perswade me to have a better  
opinion of the Books for Their sakes :  
I am apt to believe the rest of Man-  
kind much of my humour in this par-  
ticular, and therefore do here ex-  
pose these few Results of my many  
Idle hours, to the Mercy of the Wide  
VVorld, quite guiltless of Address  
or Ceremony. And that Reader,  
who will not believe I had some tollera-  
ble*

to the Reader.

*ble Reason for This Publication,  
cannot give me much disturbance, be-  
cause I'me sure he is not at all acquaint-  
ed with.*

*T. F.*

*April 10. 1674.*

---

*A 3*

*On*



ON THE  
EXCELLENT POEMS  
OF MY  
*Most Worthy Freind.*

Mr. THOMAS FLATMAN.

**Y**OU happy *Issue* of a happy wit,  
As ever yet in charming numbers writ,  
Welcome into the *Light*, and may we be,  
Worthy so happy a Posterity.  
We long have wish't for something *excellent* ;  
But ne're till now knew rightly what it meant :  
For though we have been gratifi'd 'tis true,  
From Several hands with things both *fine* and *new*,  
The *Wits* must pardon me, if I profess,  
That till this time the over-teeming press  
Ne're set out *Poesy* in so *true* a *dress* :  
Nor is it *all*, to have a share of *wit*,  
There must be *judgement too* to manage it ;  
For *Fancy's* like a rough, but ready *Horse*,

Whof

Whose mouth is govern'd more by *skil* than *force* ;  
Wherein (*my Friend*) you do a *Maistry* own,  
If not particular to you alone ;  
Yet such at least as to all eyes declares  
Your *Pegasus* the best performs his *Ayres*.  
Your *Muse* can humour all her subjects so,  
That as we *read* we do both *feel* and *know* ;  
And the most firm impenetrable breast  
With the same *passion* that *you writ's* posselt.  
Your *Lines* are *Rules*, which who shall well observ<sup>e</sup>  
Shall even in their *errors* praise deserve :  
The boyling youth, whose blood is all on fire,  
Push't on by Vanity, and hot desire,  
May learn such conduct here, men may approve  
And not *excuse*, but even *applaud* his *love*.  
*Ovid*, who made an *ART* of what to all  
Is in it self but *too too natural*,  
Had he but read *your verse*, might there have seen  
The *stile* of which his *Precepts* should have been;  
And (which it seemes he knew not) learnt from  
thence

To reconcile *frailty* with *Innocence*.

The *Love* you write, *Virgins* and *Boyes* may read,  
And never be *debauch*; but *better bred*,

For without *love*, *Beauty* would bear no price,  
And *dulness*, than *desire's* a greater vice,

Your greater *Subjects* with such *force* are writ

So full of *Sinewy* strength, as well as wit,

That when you are *Religious*, our *Divines*  
May *emulate*, but not *reprove your lines*.

And when you reason, there the learned Crew

May learn to *speculate*, and speak from you.

You no *Prophane*, no *obscene* language use

To *smut your Paper* or *defile your Muse*,

Your *gayest* things, as well *express*, as meant

Are equally both *Queint*, and *Innocent*.

But your *Pindarick Odes* indeed are such

That *Pindar's Lyre* from his own *skilful touch*,

Ne're yeilded such an *Harmony*, nor yet

*Verse* keep such time on so *unequal feet*.

So by his own *generous confession*

Great *Tasso* by *Guarini* was out done:  
And (which in *Copping* seldome does befall)  
The *Ectype*'s better than th' *Original*.

But whilst *your* Fame I labour to send forth,  
By the ill doing it I cloud your worth,  
In *something* all manknid *unhappy* are,  
And you as *mortal* too must have your share;  
Tis your misfortune to have found a *friend*,  
Who *hurts* and *injuries* where he would *commend*;  
But let *this* be your comfort, that *your* *Bayes*  
Shall flourish green, mauer an ill couch't Praise.

CHARLS COTTON

---

To

TO MY  
FRIEND  
**Mr. THOMAS FLATMAN**  
*upon the publication of his*  
POEMS.

I.

**A**S when a *Prince* his Standard do's erect  
And calls his Subjects to the Field,  
From such as early take his side,  
And readily obedience yield,  
He is instructed where he may suspect,  
And where he safely may confide;  
So mighty *Friend*!  
That you may see  
A perfect evidence of Loyalty,  
No business I pretend;



My self I difengage  
From all th' Incumbrances of humane life,  
From nourishing the sinful peoples strife,  
And the increasing weaknesſes of Age.

I I.

Domestique Care, the minds Incurable disease  
I am resolv'd I will forget,  
Ah! could I hope the restless pain,  
Would now intirely cease,  
And never more return again,  
My thoughts I would in other order set  
By more than protestations I would show  
Not the Sum total only of the debt  
But the particulars of all I ow.

I I I.

This I would do: But what will our desire avail  
When Active heat and vigor fail?  
'Tis well thou ha'st more youthful combatants than I,  
Right

Right able to protect thy Immortality :

If Envy should attaque thy spotless name,

( And that attaque's the best of things

And into Rigid Censure brings

The most undoubted Registers of Fame)

Their Artillery let them dispende,

Peircing wit and Murd'ring Eloquence,

Noble conceit and manly Sence,

Charming *Numbers* let 'em shine

And dazle dead in ev'ry line

The Most malicious of thy foes,

Though Hell it self should offer to oppose ;

I (thy decreepit Subject) only can resign

The little life of Art is left, to ransome thine :

Fumblings as bad in Poetry,

And as Ridiculous, as 'tis in Gallantry :

But if a dart I may prevent,

Which at my *Friend's* repute was mean't

Let them then direct at Me ;

By dying in so just a War,

I possibly may share  
In thy Infallible Eternity.

I V.

But dearest *Friend*

(before it be too late)

Let us a while expostulate,

What heat of Glory call'd you on,

Your learned Empire to extend

Beyond the limits of your own dominion?

At home, you were already crown'd with bays:

Why forreign Trophies do you seek to raise?

*Poets Arcana's* have of Government,

And tho' the *Homagers* of your own *continent*

Out of a Sense of duty do submit,

Yet *Publick Print*, a jealousy creates

And intimates a lay'd design

Unto the Neighb'ring *Potentates*.

Now into all your secrets arts they pry,

And weigh each hint by rules of policy,

Offensive Leagues they twine,

In

In Councils, Rota's, and Cabals they sit,  
Each Petty *Burgefs* thinks it fit  
The *Corporation* should combine,  
Against the Universal *Monarchy* of Wit,  
And strieght declare for quite abjuring it.

V.

Hence then must you : prepare for an Invasion ?  
Tho not from such as are reclaim'd by Education  
In the main points all *European* wits agree,  
All allow Order, Art, and Rules of Decency,  
And to be absolutely perfect ? ne're was yet  
A Beauty such, or such a Wit.

I fear the Pagan and the Barbarous,  
A Nation quite the *Antipodes* to us ;  
The Infidel unletter'd Crew (I mean)  
Who call that onely wit,  
Which is indeed but the Reverse of it ;  
Creatures in whom civility ne're shone,  
But (unto Nature's contradiction)  
It is their Glory to be so obscene,  
You'd think the Legion of the unclean

Were from the Swine, (to which they were condemn'd) releas'd.

And had these veryer Swine (then them) posselt,

V I.

If these should an advantage take  
And on thy fame a depredation make,  
You must submit to the unhappiness ; (Art,  
These are the common Enemies of our Belief and  
And by hostility posselt —.

The World's much greater part :  
All things with them are measur'd by success ;  
If the Battle be not won ,  
If the Author do not Sell ,  
Into they'r dull capacities it will not sink,  
They cannot with deliberation think  
How bravely the Commander led them on,  
No nor wherein the book was written well :  
When, ('tis a thing impossible to do,)  
He cannot find his Army courage, (Sir) nor you  
Your Readers, learning, wit, and Judgment too.

R. T.  
TO



T O M Y  
F R I E N D

Mr. THOMAS FLATMAN:

On the Publishing of these his Poems,

L Et not (my *Friend*) th' incredulous *Sceptic*  
Man

Dispute what Potent *Art* and *Nature* can !  
Let him believe, the *Birds* that did Bemoan  
The loss of *Zeuxis* *Grapes* in Queru'lous Tone,  
Were *Silenc'd* by a *Painted Dragon*, found  
A *Telesme* to restrain their chatt'ring sound,  
And that one made a *Mistris* could inforce  
A *Neighing sigh*, Ev'n from a Stallion Horse!  
Let old *Timanthes* now unveil the Face  
Of his *Atrides*, thou'lt give *Sorrow* grace !  
Now may *Parrhasius* let his *Curtain* stand !  
And great *Protogenes* Take off his Hand !

For

For all that *Lying Greece* and *Latin* to  
Have told us of, *Thou* (only *Thou*) mak'st true.  
And all the *Miracles* which they could shōw,  
Remain no longer *Faith*; but Science now,  
Thou dost those things that no man else durst do,  
Thou *Paint'st* the *lightning*, and the *Thunder* too!  
The *Soul* and *Voice*!

Thou'lt make *Turks*, *Jews*, with *Romanists*,  
consent,

To Break the *Second* great *Commandment* :

And them perswade an *Adoration* giv'n

In *Picture*, will as Grateful be to Heav'n

As one in *Metre*. Th' Art is in *Excess*;

But yet thy ingenuity makes it *less*.

With *Pen* and *Pencil* thou dost all out shine,

In *Speaking Picture*, *Poesy* *Divine*.

*Poets*, *Creators* are! You make us *Know*

Those are *Above*, and *Dread* those are *Below*;

But 'tis no Wonder you such things can *Dare*

That *Painter*, *Poet*, and A *Prophet* are.

The *Stars* themselves, think it no scorn to be  
Plac'd, and Directed in their Way by Thee.  
Thou Knowest their Virtue, and their Scituation  
The Fate of Years, and every great *Mutation*,  
With the same Kindness let *them* look on Earth;  
As when they gave thee first *thy happy Birth*!  
The sober *Saturn Aspects*, *Cynthia* bright,  
Resigning *Hers*, to give us thy *New Light*.  
The Gentle *Venus* Rose with *Mercury*,  
(Prefage of *Softness* in thy *Poesy*)  
And *Jove*, and *Mars* in Amicable *Trine*  
Do still give *Spirit* to thy *Polish'd Line*.  
Thou *mayst* do what thou *wilt* without *controul*:  
*Onely thyself* and *Heav'n* can *Paint thy Soul*.

FRAN. BARNARD.

TO HIS  
ESTEEMED FRIEND

Mr. THOMAS FLATMAN

upon the publishing of his

POEMS.

**Y**our Poems (*Friend*) come on the publick  
Stage

In a Debauch'd, and a Cenforious Age;  
Where nothing now is counted *standard Wit*,  
But what's Prophane, Obscene, or 's Bad as it,  
For our great *Wits*, like *Gallants* of the times,  
( And such they are ) Court onely those Loose  
Rhimes,

Which like their *Misses Pack't* and *Painted* are;  
But scorn what Vertuous is, and truely Fair;  
Such as your *Muse* is, who with Careful Art  
For all but *such*, hath wisely fram'd a Part.

One while (methinks) Under some *Gloomy*  
*Shade.*

I see the *Melancholly Lover* laid,  
Pleasing himself in that his Pensive Fit  
With what you have on such Occasion writ.

Another while (methinks) I seem to Hear  
'Mongst those, who sometimes will unbend the  
Care,

And steal themselves out from the busie Throng,  
Your pleasant *Songs* in solemn *Consort* Sung.

Again (methinks) I see the grave *Divine*  
Lay by his other *Books*, to look on *thine*,  
And from thy serious and *Divine Review*  
See what our duty is, and his own too.

Yet *worthy Friend*, you can't but Guesse what  
doom

Is like to pass on what you've writ by some,  
But there are others, now *your Book* Comes forth,  
Who (I am Sure) will prize it as 'tis worth,

W



Who know it fully fraught with *Staple ware*,  
such as the *Works* of the brave *Cowly* are,  
and 'mongst our rarest *English Poems*, Thine  
next unto *His*, immortally shall shine.

RICH. NEWCOURT.

TO MY  
WORTHY FRIEND  
Mr. THOMAS FLATMAN  
upon the publishing of his  
POEMS.

**R**Ude, and unpolisht as my lines can be,  
I must start forth into the world with Thee.  
That which, yet *Private*, did my wonder raise,  
Now 'tis made *Publick* challenge's my praise :  
Such Miracles thy charming Verse can do,  
Where 're it goes, It draw's me with it too.

This is a kind of *Birthday* to thy *Muse* !  
Transported with delight I cannot chuse  
But bid Her *Welcome to the Light*, and tell,  
How much I value what is writ so well ;  
Tho' Thou reap'st no advantage by my Rhime,  
More than a Taper helps the Day to shine.

Thus

Thus in *dull Pomp* do's th' *Empty Coach* attend  
To pay respect to some *departed friend* !  
The difference of *Regard* in this do's ly,  
*that Honours Dust, Mine that* which cannot *Dy* :  
For what can blast the labours of thy Pen,  
While wit and vertue are allow'd by men? \*

Thou entertain'st the world with such a feast  
So cleanly and so elegantly drest,  
So stor'd with laudable varieties  
As may a modest Appetite suffice ;  
Who ever is thy Guest is sure to find  
Something or other that may please his mind :

Sometimes in *pious flames* thy *Muse* aspire's  
Herbosome warm'd with supernatural fires ;  
In noble flights with *Pindar*, soar's above ,  
Dallie's sometimes with *not-indecent Love*,  
Thence down into the *Grave* doe's humbly creep,  
And renders *Death* desirable as *Sleep*.

The *Debuonair*, the *Melancholy Heer*  
Find matter for their mirth, ease for their Care.

Easy thy Verse, Clean thy Conceptions are,  
Neither too proud, Nor too familiar.

Since such Provision's made for all that come,  
He must be *squeamish* that goes *Empty* home ;

If *These Refections* cannot do him good,

'Tis 'cause his *stomack's vitious*, not the *Food*.

FRANCIS KNOLLYS.

---

---

To

TO THE  
**AUTHOR**  
ON HIS  
Excellent Poems.

Strange Magick of thy wit and stile  
Which to their griefs mankind can Reconcile!

Whilst thy *Philander's* tuneful voice we hear

Condoling our disastrous state,

Tought with a sense of our hard fate,

We sigh perhaps, or drop a tear,

But he the mournful Song so sweetly sings,

That more of Pleasure than Regret it brings

With such *becoming grief*

The *Trojan Chief*

*Troy's* Conflagration did relate,

Whilst ev'n the *suff'ers* in the Fire drew near

And with agree'd ear

Devyour'd the story of their own subverted state.

Kind

Kind Heav'n (as to her *darling* Son) to Thee

A double Portion did impart,

A Gift of Painting and of Poesy ;

But for thy Rivals in the Painters Art,

If well they *Represent*, they can effect

No more, nor can we more expect,

But more then this *Thy* happy Pencils give ;

Thy drafts are more then Representative,

For, if we'l credit our own eyes, they *Live* !

Ah! Worthy Friend cou'dst Thou maintain the  
State

Of what with so much ease thou do'st Creat,

We might Reflect on Death with Scorn !

But Pictures like th' Originals decay !

Of Colours Those consist, and these of Clay ;

A like Compos'd of *Dust*, to *Dust* alike Return !

Yet



I I I.

Yet 'tis our Happiness to see  
Oblivion, Death, and adverse Destiny  
Encountred, Vanquish'd, and disarm'd by thee.

For if thy Pencils fail,

Change thy *Artillery*

And Thou'rt secure of Victory,

Employ thy *Quill* and thou shalt still prevail.

The Grand Destroyer, greedy Time, reverts

Thy *Fancy's Imag'ry*, and spares

The meanest things that bear

Th' Impression of thy *Pen*;

Tho' coarse and cheap their natural *mettal* were,

*Stamp* with thy *verse* he knows th' are sacred, then.

He knows them by that *Character* to be

*Predestinate* and *set a part* for *Immortality*.

I V.

If native Lustre in thy Theams appear,

Improv'd

Improv'd by thee it shines more clear:  
Or if thy Subject's void of native Light,  
Thy Fancy need but dart a beam  
To guild thy theam,  
And make the *rude mass* beautiful and bright.  
Thou vary'st oft thy Strains, but still  
Success attends each strain:  
Thy verse is always as lofty as the Hill,  
Or pleasant as the plain.  
How well thy Muse the *Pastoral Song* improves!  
Whose *Nymphs* and *Swains* are in their *Loves*,  
As Innocent and yet as Kind as *Doves*.  
But most She moves our Wonder and delight,  
When She performs her loose *Pindarick flight*,  
Oft to their outmost reach She will extend  
Her towring Wings to soar on high,  
And then by just degrees descend:  
Oft in a swift strait Course She glides,  
bliquely oft the air divides,  
And oft with wanton play hangs hov'ring in the sky.  
Whilst

Whilst Sense of duty into my artless Muse

Th' ambition wou'd infuse

To mingle with those *Nymphs* that Homage pay,

And wait on Thine in her *Triumphant way*,

Defect of merit checks her forward pride,

And makes her dread t' approach thy Chariot side

For 'twere at least a rude Indecency

(if not *Profane*) t' appear

At this Solemnity,

Crown'd with no *Lawrel* (as others are)

But this she will presume to do,

At *distance* to attend the *show*,

Officially to gather of

The *Scatter'd Bays*, if any drop

From others *Temples*, and with those

A plain *Plèbeian Coronet* compose.

This, as your *Livery*, she'd wear, to hide

Her *Nakedness*, not gratifie her *Pride* !

Such

Such was the *Verdant drefs*  
Which the *Offending Pair* did frame  
Of *platted Leaves*, not to exprefs  
Their *Pride* i'th' *Novel-garb*, but to *conceal* their  
*shame*.

**N. Teat**

**B. A.**

**T O**

TO MY  
DEAR FRIEND  
Mr. THOMAS FLATMAN  
*upon the publication of his*  
POEMS.

PINDARIQUE ODE.

I.

W<sup>IT</sup>hin the haunted thicket, where  
The feather'd *Choristers* are met to play;  
And celebrate with voices clear,  
And accents sweet, the praise of *May*:  
The *Ouzel*, *thrush*, and speckled *Lark*,  
And *Philomel*, that loves the *dawn* and *dark*:

These (*the inspired throng*)

In *numbers smooth*, and *strong*

Adorn their *noble Theme* with an immortal *Song*,  
While, Woods, and Vaults, the brook and neigh-  
bouring hill,  
Repeat the varied close, and the melodious *Trill*.

Here

I I.

Here feast your ears, but let your eye  
 Wander, and see one of the lesser frie  
 Under a leaf, or on a dancing twig,  
*Ruffle his painted feathers, and look big,*  
 Pirk up his tayle, and hop between  
 The boughs ; *by moving, only to be seen,*  
 Perhaps his *troubled breast* he prunes,  
 As he doth *meditate* on his *tunes* :  
 At last (*compos'd*) his little head he rears,  
 Towards (what he strives to imitate.) the  
*Sphears* ;  
 And chirping then begins his best,  
 Falls on to Pipe *among the rest* ;  
 Deeming that *all's not worth a rush,*  
 Without his *Whistle* from the bush.

I II.

Th' *harmonious sound* did reach my ear,

Tha



That *eccho'd Thy clear name,*  
Which all must know, who e're did hear,  
of *Cowley* or *Orinda's* fame :  
I heard the *Genius*, with surprizing Grace,  
Would visit us with his fair off-spring, gay  
As is the morning spring in *May* ;  
But fairer much and of *immortal* race.

I V.

Delighted greatly, as *I listning* stood,  
The *sound* came from each corner of the *wood*,  
It both the *shrubs*, and *Cedars* shak't,  
And *my drowsy Muse* awak't ;  
Strange, that the *sound* should be so shrill,  
That had its *passage* through a *Quil*.  
Then I resolv'd *Thy* praises to rehearse,  
The wonders of *Thy Pen*, among the *Croud*  
Of thy *learn'd Friends* that *sing so loud* :  
But 'twas not to be *sung*, or reach't in *verse*.

\* \*

By

By *my weak notes*, Scarce to be heard,  
Or if they could, *not worth regard* ;

Desisting therefore I must only send  
My very kind *well wishes* to my Friend.

OCTAV. PULLEY N

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# P O E M S.

---

*To the memory of the incomparable* ORINDA.

*Pindarique Ode.*

*Stanza I.*

**A** Long Adieu to all that's bright,  
Noble or brave in woman-kind;  
To all the Wonders of their wit,  
And Trophies of their mind:  
The glowing heat of th'holy fire is gone:  
To th'Altar, whence 'twas kindled, flown;  
There's nought on earth, but ashes left behind;  
E'r since the amazing sound was spread  
Orinda's dead.

B

every

## P O E M S.

Every soft and fragrant word,  
 All that language could afford;  
 Every high and lofty thing  
 That's wont to set the Soul on wing,  
 No longer with this worthless world would stay:  
 Thus, when the death of the great *Pan* was told,  
 A long the shore the dismal tidings rol'd;  
 The lesser Gods their Fanes forsook,  
 Confounded with the mighty stroke,  
 They could not over live that fatal day,  
 But sigh'd and groan'd their gasping *Oracles* away

## I I

How rigid are the Laws of Fate!  
 And how severe that black decree!  
 No sublunary thing is free,  
 But all must enter th' *Adamantine* Gate:  
 Sooner, or later must we come  
 To Nature's dark retiring Room:  
 And yet 'tis pity, Is it not?

# POEMS.

3

The Learned, as the Fool should die,  
One, full as low, as t'other Lie;

Together blended in the general lot  
Distinguish't only from the common Crowd  
By an *hing'd Coffin* or a *Holland Shroud*,  
Tho Fame and Honour speak them ne'r so loud.

Alas *Orinda*! even Thou!

Whose happy Verse made others live,  
And certain Immortality could give,  
Blasted are all thy blooming glories now,

The Laurel withers o're thy brow :  
Methinks it should disturb Thee to conceive  
That when poor I, this artless breath resign,  
My dust should have as much of Poetry as thine!

I I I

Too soon we languish with desire,  
Of what we never could enough admire.  
On th' billows of this world sometimes we rise,  
So dangerously high,  
We are to Heaven too nigh:

B 2

When

When all in rage,  
 (Grown hoary with one minute's age,)  
 The very self-same fickle wave,  
 Which the entrancing Prospect gave,  
 Swoln to a Mountain, sinks into a Grave.  
 Too happy Mortals if the Powers above,  
 As merciful would be,  
 And easie to preserve the thing we love,  
 As in the giving they are free!  
 But they too oft delude our wearied eyes,  
 They fix a *flaming sword*'twixt us and *Paradise*!  
 A weeping evening blur's a smiling day,  
 Yet why should heads of gold have feet of Clay?  
 Why should the man that wav'd th' *Almighty wand*,  
 That led the murmuring Croud  
 By *Pillar* and by *Cloud*,  
 Shivering a top of Aëry *Pisga* stand  
 Onely to see, but never, never tread the *Promis'd*

(Land

Throw

# P O E M S.

5

I V.

Throw your swords and gantlets by

You daring Sons of War !

You cannot purchase e'r you die

One honourable scar,

Since that fair hand that guilded all your Bayse ;

That in Heroick numbers wrote your praise,

That you might safely sleep in Honours bed,

It self alafs is wither'd, cold, and dead,

Cold and dead are all those charms

That burnisht your victorious arms ;

Those useles things hereafter must

Blush first in blood, and then in rust ?

No oil, but that of her smooth words can serve,

Weapon and Warriar to preserve.

Expect no more from this Dull Age

But folly, or Poëtick rage,

Short-liv'd nothings of the stage,

Vented to day, and cry'd to morrow down ;

With her the soul of Poesie is gone,

B 3

Gone,

Gone, while our expectations flew  
 As high a pitch, as she has done,  
 Exhal'd to Heaven like early dew,  
 Betimes the little shining drops are flown.  
 Ere th'drowfie world perceiv'd that *Manna* was  
 (come down.

V.

You of *the Sex* that would be fair,  
 Exceeding lovely, hither come,  
 Would you be pure as Angels are,  
 Come dress you by *Orinda's Tomb*,  
 And leave your flattering glass at home,  
 Within that marble Mirror see,  
 How one day such as she  
 You must, and yet alas! can never be!  
 Think on the heights of that vast Soul,  
 And then admire, and then condole,  
 Think on the wonders of her generous Pen,  
 'Twas she made *Pompey* truly Great;  
 Neither the purchase of his sweat  
 Nor yet *Cornelia's* kindness made him live again:  
 With



With envy think, when to the grave you go,  
How very little must be said of you,  
Since all that can be said of vertuous Woman was  
(her due.

---

*The Review.*

*Pindarique ode to Dr. W. S.*

*Stanza. I.*

**W**hen first I stept into th' alluring Maze  
To tread this world's mysterious ways,  
Alas ! I had nor guide, nor clue,  
No *Ariadne* lent her hand,  
Not one of *Virtue's* Guards did bid me stand,  
Or ask't me what I meant to do,  
Or whither I would go :  
This Labyrinth so pleasant did appear,  
I lost my self with much content,  
Infinite hazards underwent,  
Out straggled *Homer's* crafty *Wanderer*,  
And ten years more than he, in fruitless Travels  
spent ;

The one half of my Life is gone,  
 The shadow the *Meridian* past ;  
 Death's dismal Evening drawing on,  
 Which will with damps and mists be overcast,  
 An Evening, that will surely come,  
 Tis time, high time to give my self the welcome  
 (home.

I I

Had I but heartily believ'd,  
 That all the *Royal Preacher* said, was true,  
 When first I entred on the Stage,  
 And vanity so hotly did pursue ;  
 Convinc't by his experience, not my age !  
 I had my self long since retriev'd,  
 I should have let the Curtain down,  
 Before the fools part had begun :  
 But I throughout the tedious play have been  
 Concern'd in every busie Scene ;  
 Too too inquisitive I try'd  
 Now this, anon another Face,  
 And then a third, more odd, took place,

Was

# P O E M S.

9

Was every thing, but what I was,  
Such was my *Protean* folly, such my pride  
Befool'd through all the Tragy-Comedy,  
Where others met with hissing to expect a *Plaudite*.

I I I:

I had a mind the *Pastoral* to prove,  
Searching for happiness in Love,  
And finding *Venus* painted with a Dove,  
A little naked Boy hard by,  
The Dove, which has no gall,  
The Boy no dangerous arms at all ;  
They do thee wrong (great Love) said I  
Much wrong, great Love! — scarce had I  
'Ere into my unwary bosom came (spoke  
An inextinguishable flame :  
From fair *Amira*'s eyes the lightening broke,  
That left me more than Thunder-stroke ;  
She carries tempest in that lovely name :  
Love's mighty, and tumultuous pain  
Disorders Nature like an Hurricane.

Yet

Yet couldn't I believe such storms could be,  
     When I lanch't forth to Sea ;  
 Promis'd my self a calm, and easie way,  
     Though I had seen before,  
     Piteous ruins on the shore,  
 And on the naked beach *Leander* breathless lay.

## I V.

To extricate my self from Love  
 Which I could ill obey, but worse command,  
     I took my Pencils in my hand,  
 With that Artillery for Conquest strove,  
     Like wise *Pigmalion* then did I  
     My self design my Deity ;  
     Made my own Saint, made my own Shrine:  
 If she did frown, one dash could make her smile,  
 All bickerings one easie stroak could reconcile,  
*Plato* feign'd no *Idea* so divine :  
 Thus did I quiet many a froward day,  
     While in my eyes my Soul did play,  
 Thus did the time, and thus thy self beguile ;

Till

# POEMS.

11

Till on a day<sup>c</sup> but then I knew not why,

A tear fall'n from my eye,

Wash't out my Saint, my Shrine, my Deity :

Prophetique chance ; the lines are gone,

And I must mourn o're what I doted on :

I find even *Giotto's Circle* has not all perfection.

V.

To Poetry I then inclin'd ;

Verse that emancipates the mind,

Verse that unbends the Soul ;

That Amulet of sickly fame,

Verse that from *wind* articulate's Name ;

Verse for both fortunes fit, to smile and to condole.

'Ere I had long the tryal made,

A serious thought made me afraid :

For I had heard *Parnassus* sacred Hill,

Was so prodigiously high,

'Its barren up so near the Skie ;

The *Ather* there

So very pure, so subtle, and so rare,

'Twould

'Twould a *Camaleon* kill

The beast that is all lungs, and feeds on aire :  
Poëts the higher up that Hill they go,  
Like Pilgrims, share the less of what's below :

Hence 'tis they go repining on,  
And murmur more than their own *Helicon*.  
I heard them curse their stars in ponderous Rhimes,  
And in grave numbers grumble at the times ;  
Yet where th' Illustrious *Cowley* led the way,  
I thought it great discretion there to go astray.

## V I

From liberal arts to the litigious Law,  
Obedience, not ambition did me draw ;  
I look't at awful *Quoife*, and scarlet Gown  
Through others opticks not my own :

Unty the *Gordian Knot* that will,  
I see no Rhetorick at all

In them that learnedly can brawl,  
And fill with mercenary breath the spacious Hall ;  
Let me be peaceable, let me be still :

The



The solitary *Tisbite* heard the wind,  
With strength and violence combin'd,  
That rent the Mountains and did make  
The solid Earth's foundations shake,  
He saw the dreadful fire, and heard the horrid noise,  
But found what he expected in the *small still voice*.

## V I I.

Nor here did my unbridled fancy rest,  
But I must try  
A pitch more high,  
To read the starry language of the East;  
And with *Caldean* Curiosity  
Presum'd to solve the Riddles of the Skie;  
Impatient till I knew my doom,  
Dejected till the good *direction* come,  
I rip't up Fate's forbidden womb,  
Nor would I stay till it brought forth  
An easie and a natural birth,  
But was solicitous to know.  
The yet mishapen *Embrio*,

(Prepo.

(Preposterous crime)

Without the formal Midwifery of time :

Fond man ! as if too little grief were given

On earth, draws down inquietudes from Heaven !

Permits himself with fear to be unman'd,

*Belshazzar* like grows wan and pale,

His very heart begins to fail,

Is frighted at that writing of the hand,

Which yet nor he, nor all his learn'd *Magicians*  
(understand.

## V I I I.

And now at last what's the result of all ?

Should the strict *Audit* come,

And for th' Accompt too early call ;

A num'rous heap of Ciphers, would be found the  
(total sum

When incompassionate Age shall plow

The delicate *Amira's* brow,

And draw his furrows deep and long,

What hardy youth is he

# POEMS.

15

Will after that a Reaper be,  
Or sing the harvest Song?  
And what is Verse, but an effeminate vent  
Either of Lust or Discontent?  
Colours will *starve*, and all their glories die,  
Invented only to deceive the eye;  
And he that wily Law does love,  
Much more of *Serpent* has than *Dove*,  
There's nothing in *Astrology*,  
But *Delphick* ambiguity;  
We are misguided in the dark, and thus  
Each Star becomes an *Ignus fatuus*:  
Yet pardon me you glorious lamps of light,  
'Twas one of you that led the way,  
Dispell'd the gloomy night,  
Became a *Phosphor* to th'Eternal Day,  
And shew'd the *Magi* where th' *Almighty Infant*  
(lay.

At

## I X.

At length the doubtful Victory's won,  
 It was a cunning ambuscade  
 The world for my felicities had laid;  
 Yet now at length the day's our own.  
 Now Conqueror like let us new Laws set down,  
 Henceforth let all our Love *Seraphick* turn,  
 The sprightly and the vigorous flame  
 On th' Altar let it ever burn,  
 And sacrifice it's ancient name :  
 A Tablet on my heart, next I'll prepare  
 Where I would draw the holy Sepulchre,  
 Behind it a soft Landskip I would lay  
 Of Melancholly *Galgotha* !  
 On th' Altar let me all my spoils lay down,  
 And if I had One, there I'de hang my Laurel  
 Crown.  
 Give me the *Pandects* of the Law divine,  
 Such was the Law made *Moses* face to shine.

Thus

# P O E M S.

17

Thus beyond *Saturns* heavy Orb I'll towre,  
And laugh at his malicious power,  
Raptur'd in Contemplation thus I'll go  
Above unactive Earth, and leave the Stars below.

X.

Tost on the wings of every wind,  
After these hoverings to and fro ;  
(And still the waters higher grow)  
Not knowing where a resting place to find,  
Whether for Sanctuary should I go  
But (Reverend Friend) to you,  
You that have triumph o're th' impetuous flood,  
That *Noah* like, in bad times durst be good,  
And the stiffe Torrent manfully withstood,  
Can save me too ;  
One that have long in fear of drowning bin,  
Surrounded by the rolling waves of sin,  
Do you but reach out a propitious hand  
And charitably take me in,  
I will not yet despair to see dry land.

C

tis

'Tis done; —I and no longer fluctuate,  
I've made the Church my *Ark*, and *Sions* Hill my  
*Ararat*.

---

To my worthy Friend Mr. Sam, Woodford  
on his excellent Version of the *Psalms*.

*Pindarique Ode.*

*Stanza I.*

**S**Ee (worthy friend) what I would do;  
(Whom neither Muse nor art inspire)  
That have no friend in all the sacred Quire,  
To shew my kindness for your Book, and you,  
Forc'd to disparage, what I would admire:  
Bold man, that dare's attempt Pindariqu' now,  
Since the great *Pindar*'s greatest son  
From the ingrateful Age is gone,  
*Comley* ha's bid th'ingrateful Age adieu;

*Apollo's*



# POEMS.

19

*Apollo's rare Columbus*, he

Found out new words of Poésie :

He, like an Eagle, soar'd aloft ;

To seize his noble prey ;

Yet as a Dove's, his soul was soft ;

Quiet as night, but bright as Day :

To heaven in a fiery charriot He

Ascended by *Seraphiqu'* Poëtrie ;

Yet which of us dull Mortals since can find

Any inspiring Mantle, that He left behind ?

## I I

His powerful Numbers might have done you  
right ;

He could have spar'd you immortality,

Under that Chieftain's banners you might fight

Affur'd of Laurels, and of Victory

Over devouring time, and sword, and fire,

And *Jove's* important ire :

My humble verse would better sing

*David* the shepherd, than the King :

And yet methinks 'tis stately to be one  
 (Tho' of the meaner sort,)  
 Of them that may approach a Princes Throne,  
 If 'twere but to be seen at Court.

Such (Sir) is my ambition for a name,  
 Which I shall rather take from you, than give,  
 For in your Book I cannot miss of Fame,  
 But by contact shall live.

Thus on your Chariot Wheel shall I  
 Ride safe, and look as big as *Æsop's* Fly,  
 Who from th' *Olympian* race new come,  
 And now triumphantly flown home,  
 To's neighbours of the swarm, thus, proudly said,  
*Don't you remember what a dust I made!*

## I I I.

Where e're the Son of *Jesse's* harp shall sound,  
 Or *Israel's* sweetest Songs be sung,  
 (Like *Sampson's* Lion sweet and strong)  
 You and your happy Muse shall be renown'd,

To whose kind hand the Son of *Jesse* owes  
His last deliverance from all his Foes.

Bloud-thirsty *Saul* less barbarous than they,

His person only sought to kill ;

These did his deathless Poëms slay,

And sought immortal blood to spill,

To sing whose Songs in *Babylon* would be

A new Captivity :

Deposed by these Rebels, you alone

Restored the glorious *David* to his Throne.

Long in disguise the Royal Prophet lay,

Long from his own thoughts banished,

Ne're since his death 'till this illustrious day

Was Scepter in his hand, or Crown plac't on his  
head :

He seem'd as if at *Gath* he still had bin,

As once before proud *Achish* he appear'd,

His Face besmear'd,

With spittle on his sacred beard,

A laughing stock to the insulting *Philistine*.

Drest in their Rhimes, he lookt as he were mad,  
In *Tyssue* you, and *Tyrian Purple* have him clad,

---

*On the Death of the truly valiant  
George Duke of Albemarle.*

*Pindarique Ode.*

*Stanza. I.*

NOW blush thy self into confusion  
Ridiculous mortality;  
With indignation to be trampled on  
By them that court Eternity;  
Whose generous deeds, and prosperous state  
Seem poorly set within the reach of fate,  
Whose every Trophy, and each Laurel wreath  
Depends upon a little breath;  
Confin'd within the narrow bounds of time,  
And of incertain age,

With

With doubtful hazards they engage, (climb;  
 Thrown down, while victory bids them higher  
 Their glories are eclips'd by death.

Hard circumstances of illustrious men  
 Whom nature (like the *Scythian* Prince) detain's  
 Within the Bodies chains  
 (Nature that rigorous *Tamberlain*)

Stott *Bajazet* disdain'd the barbarous rage  
 Of that insulting Conquerour,  
 Bravely himself usurp't his own expiring power,  
 By dashing out his brains against his Iron Cage

## I I.

But 'tis indecent to complain,  
 And wretched Mortals curse their stars in vain,  
 In vain they waſt their tears for them that die,  
 Themſelves involv'd in the ſame deſtiny,  
 No more with ſorrow let it then be ſaid  
 The glorious *Albemarle* is dead;  
 Let what is ſaid of Him triumphant be,

Words as gay, as is His fame,  
 And as manly as his name,  
 Words as ample as his praise,  
 And as verdant as his Bayes,

An *Epinicion*, not an Elegy.

Yet why should'st thou, ambitious Muse, believe  
 Thy gloomy Verse, can any splendors give,  
 Or make him one small moment longer live?  
 Nothing but what is vulgar thou canst say ;

Or misbecoming numbers sing  
 What tribute to his memory canst thou pay,  
 Whose vertue sav'd a Crown, and could oblige a  
 a King !

I I I

Many a year distressed *Albion* lay  
 By her unnatural Off spring torne,  
 Once the Worlds terrour, then its scorn,  
 At home a Prison, and abroad a Prey :  
 Her valiant Youth, her valiant Youth did kill,  
 And mutual blood did spill,

Usurper's



Usurpers then, and many a Mushroom Peer

Within her Palaces did domineer ;

There did the Vulture build his Nest,

There the Owles, and Satyrs rest,

By *Zim* and *Ohim* all posselt,

Till *England's* Angel Guardian, Thou,

With pity, and with anger mov'd

For *Albion* thy belov'd,

(Olive Chapplets on thy brow)

With bloudless hands upheld'st her drooping head,

And with thy trumpets call'd'st her from the dead.

Bright *Phosper* to the rising Sun !

That Royal Lamp, by Thee did first appear

Usher'd into our happy Hemisphære ;

O may it still shine bright and clear !

No Cloud, nor Night approach it, but a constant

(Noon!

I V.

Nor thus did thy undaunted Valour cease ;

Or wither with unactive peace :

Scarce

Scarce were our Civil broyles allay'd,  
While yet the wound of an intestine war,  
Had left a tender scar,  
When of our new Prosperities afraid,  
Our Jealous Neighbours fatal arms prepare;  
In floating groves the enemy drew near,  
Loud did the *Belgian Lyon* roar,  
Upon our Coasts th' *Armada* did appear,  
And boldly durst attempt our native shore,  
Till His victorious Squadrons checkt their pride,  
And did in Triumph 'ore the Ocean ride.  
With thunder, lightning, and with clouds of smoke  
He did their insolence restrain,  
And gave his dreadful Law to all the main,  
Whose furly billows trembled when he spoke,  
And put their willing necks under his Yoke;  
This the stupendious Vanquisher has done,  
Whose high prerogative it was alone  
To raise a ruin'd, and secure an Envy'd Throne.

Then

v.

Then angry Heav'n began to frown,  
From heaven a dreadful Pestilence came down,  
On very side did lamentations rise,

Baleful sigh, and heavy groan,

All was plain't, and all was moan!

The pious friend with trembling Love,

Scarce had his latest kindness done,

In sealing up his dead friends eyes,

Ere with his own surprizing fate he strove,

And wanted one to close his own,

Death's Iron scepter bore the sway

O're our Imperial *Golgotha*,

Yet He with kind, tho' unconcerned eyes,

Durst stay and see those numerous Tragedies.

He in the field had seen Death's greisly shape,

Heard him in volleys talk aloud

Beheld his grandeur in a glittering Croud,

And unamaz'd seen him in Cannons gape:

Even

Ever unterrified His valour stood  
 Like some tall Rock amid' st a Sea of Blood :  
 'Twas loyalty from Sword and Pest kept him alive,  
 The safest Armour, and the best Preservative.

## V I.

The flaming City next implor'd his aid,  
 And seasonably pray'd (obey'd,  
 His force against the fire, whose arms the Seas  
 Wide did th' impetuous torrent spread,  
 Then those goodly Fabricks fell,  
 Temples themselves promiscuously there  
 Drop't down, and in the common ruin buried  
 The City turned into one *Mongibel*: (were,  
 The haughty Tyrant shook his curled head,  
 His breath with vengeance black, his face with fury red.

Then every cheek grew wan and pale,  
 Every heart did yield and fail, (press  
 Nought but Thy presence could its power sup-  
 Whose stronger light put out the less,

As *London's* noble structures rise,  
 Together shall His memory grow,  
 To whom that beatus Town so much does owe.  
*London!* joynt Favourite with Him Thou wert,  
 As both posselt a Room within one heart,  
 So now with thine indulgent Sovereign joyn,  
 Respect his great Friends ashes, for He wep't o're  
 (Thine.

v.

Thus did the *Duke* perform his mighty Stage,  
 Thus did that *Atlas* of our State,  
 With his prodigious acts amaze the Age,  
 While Worlds of wonders on his shoulders sate,  
 Full of glories, and of years,  
 He trod his shining, and immortal way,  
 Whilst *Albion* compass'd with new floods of tears  
 Besought his longer stay.  
 Profane that pen, that dares describe thy bliss,  
 Or write thine *Apotheosis*!  
 Whom heaven and thy Prince to pleasure strove,  
 Entrusted with their Armies, and their love.

In

In other Courts 'tis dangerous to deserve,  
 Thou did'st a kind, and greatful Master serve,  
 Who, to exprefs his gratitude to Thee,  
 Scorn'd those ill natur'd arts of Policy.

Happy had *Bellisarius* bin  
 (Whose forward fortune was his fin)

By many Victories undone;  
 He had not liv'd neglected, dy'd obscure,  
 If for thy Prince those Battels he had won,  
 Thy Prince, magnificent above his Emperour.

Among the Gods, those Gods that dy'd like thee,  
 As great as theirs, and full of Majesty

Thy sacred dust shall sleep secure,  
 Thy Monument as long as theirs endure:  
 There, free from envy, Thou with them,  
 Shal't have thy share of Diadem;

Among their Badges shall be set  
 Thy Garter and thy Coronet;



Or (which is statelier) thou shalt have  
 A *Mausoleum* in thy Prince's breast,  
 There thine enbalm'd name shall rest,  
 That Sanctuary shall thee save,  
 From the dishonours of a Regal grave:  
 And every wondrous History,  
 Read by incredulous Posterity,  
 That writes of *Him*, shall honourably mention *Thee*,  
 Who by an humble Loyalty has't shown,  
 How much sublimer gallantry, and renown  
 'Tis to *restore*, than to *usurp* a *Monarch's Crown*.

---

*The Retirement*

*Pindarique Ode made in the time of the  
 Great Sicknefs 1665.*

*Stanza 1.*

**I**N the milde close of an hot Summers day,  
 When a cool Breeze had fann'd the air,  
 And Heaven's face look't smooth and fair;  
 Lovely

Lovely as sleeping Infants be,  
 That in their slumbers smilingly,  
 Dandled on the Mothers knee,  
 You hear no cry,  
 No harsh, nor inharmonious voice,  
 But all is innocence without a noise :  
 When every sweet, which the Sun's greedy ray  
 So lately from us drew,  
 Began to trickle down again in dew ;  
 Weary, and faint, and full of thought,  
 Tho' for what cause I knew not well,  
 What I ail'd, I could not tell,  
 I sat me down at an ag'd Poplars root,  
 Whose chiding leaves excepted and my breast,  
 All the impertinently-busi'd-word inclin'd to rest,

## II.

I list'ned heedfully around,  
 But not a whisper there was found.

The murmuring Brook hard by,  
 As heavy, and as dull as I,  
 Seem'd drowfily along to creep;  
 It ran with undiscovered pace,  
 And if a pibble stopt the lazy race,  
 'Twas but as if it started in its sleep,  
*Eccho* her self, that ever lent an ear  
 To any piteous tone;  
 Wont to grone, with them that grone,  
*Eccho* her self, was speechless here.  
 Thrice did I sigh, Thrice miserably cry,  
 Ai me! the *Nymph* ai me! would not reply,  
 Or churlish, or she was a sleep for company,

## III.

thought on every pensivething,  
 That might my passion strongly move;  
 That might the sweetest sadness bring;  
 Oft did I think on death, and oft on Love,  
 The triumphs of the *little God*, and that same *gast*  
*ly King*;  
 D  
 The

*The ghastly King*, what has he done ?  
 How his pale Territories spread !  
 Strait scantlings now of consecrated ground  
 His swelling Empire cannot bound,  
 But every day new *Colonies* of dead  
 Enhance his Conquests, and advance his Throne.  
 The mighty *City* sav'd from storms of war,  
 Exempted from the Crimson flood,  
 When all the Land o're flow'd with blood,  
 Stoop's yet once more to a new Conqueror :  
 The *City* which so many Rivals bred,  
 Sackcloth is on her loyns, and ashes on her head.

## I V.

When will the frowning heav'n begin to smile ?  
 Those pitchy clouds be overblown,  
 That hid the mighty Town,  
 That I may see the mighty pyle !  
 When will the angry Angel cease to slay ;  
 And turn his brandish't sword away  
 From that illustrious *Golgotha*,

*London, the great Aceldama!*

When will that stately *Landscape* open lie,  
The mist withdrawn that intercepts my eye!

That heap of *Pyramids* appear,  
Which now, too much like those of *Egypt* are:

Eternal Monuments of Pride and Sin,  
Magnificent and tall without, but Dead mens bones  
within.

*Translated out of a Part of Petronius*

*Arbiters Satyricon.*

*I.*

**A**fter a blustering tedious night,  
The winds now hush't, and the black tempest o're,  
Which the crazy vessel miserably tore,

Behold a lamentable sight!  
Rolling far off, upon a briny wave,  
Compassionate *Philander* spied

A floating Carcass ride,  
That seem'd to beg the kindness of a grave.

## I I.

Sad, and concern'd *Philander* then  
Weigh'd with himself the frail, uncertain state  
Of silly, strangely disappointed men,  
Whose projects are the sport of Fate,  
Perhaps (said he) this poor man's desolate Wife  
In a strange Country far away,  
Expects some happy day,  
This gaily thing, the comfort of her life :

## I I I.

His Son it may be dreads no harm,  
But kindly waits his Fathers coming home,  
Himself secure, he apprehends no storm,  
But fancies that he sees him come.  
Perhaps the good Old man, that kist this Sun,  
And left a blessing on his head,  
His arms about him spread,  
Hopes yet to see him e're his glass be run.

These



## V I.

These are the grand intrigues of man,  
These his huge thoughts, and these his vast desires  
Restless, and swelling like the Ocean  
From his birth till he expires.  
See where the naked, breathless Body lies  
To every puff of wind a slave,  
At the beck of every wave,  
That once perhaps was fair, rich, stout, and wise !

## V.

While thus *Philander* pensive said,  
Touch't only with a pity for Mankind,  
At nearer view, he thought he knew the Dead,  
And call'd the wretched Man to mind :  
Alas, said he, art thou that angry Thing,  
That with thy looks did'st threaten Death,  
Plagues and destruction breath,  
But two dayes since, little beneath a King !

## I V.

Ai me! where is thy fury now,  
 Thine insolence, and thy all boundless power,  
 O most ridiculously dreadful thou!  
 Expos'd for Beasts and Fishes to devour.  
 Go sottish Mortals, let your Breasts swell high,  
 All your designs laid deep as hell,  
 A small mischance can quell,  
 Out witted by the deeper plots of Destiny.

## V I I.

This haughty Lump a while before  
 What it would do, when It came safe on shore,  
 Sooth'd up it self, perhaps with hopes of Life,  
 What for It's Son, what for It's Wife;  
 See where the Man, and all his Politicks lie,  
 Ye Gods! what Gulphs are set betwen,  
 What we have, and what we ween,  
 Whilst lull'd in dreams of years to come, we die!

Nor

## V I I I.

Nor are we lyable alone,  
To misadventures on the mercyleſs Sea,  
A thouſand other things our Fate bring on,  
And ſhipwrak't every where we be.  
One in the tumult of a Battel dies  
Big with conceit of victory,  
And routing th' Enemy,  
With Garlands deckt, himſelf the Sacrifice.

## I X.

Another, while he pays his vows  
On bended knees, and Heaven with tears invokes,  
With adorations as he humbly bowes,  
While with gums the Altar ſmokes,  
In th' preſence of his God, the Temple falls,  
And thus religious in vain  
The flatter'd Bigot ſlain,  
Breaths out his laſt within the ſacred walls.

## X.

Another with gay Trophies proud,  
 From his triumphant Chariot overthrown,  
 Makes pastime for the Gazers of the Croud,  
     That envy'd him his purchas'd Crown,  
 Some with full meals, and sparkling bowls of wine,  
     As if it made too long delay,  
     Spur on their fatal day,  
 Whilst others, (needy Souls) at their's repine.

## X I.

Consider well, and every place,  
 Offers a ready Road to thy long home,      (fate  
 Sometimes with frowns, sometimes with smiling  
     Th' Ambassadors of Death do come.  
 By open force or secret ambuscade,  
     By unintelligible ways,  
     We end our anxious dayes,  
 And stock the large Plantations of the Dead,

But

X I I.

But (some may say) 'tis very hard,  
 With them, whom heavy chance has Cast away,  
 With no solemnities at all interr'd,  
 To roam unburi'd on the sea :  
 No — 'tis all one where we receive our doom,  
 Since, some where, 'tis our certain lot  
 Out Carcasses must rot,  
 And they whom heaven covers need no Tomb.

---

*A Thought of Death.*

**W**Hen on my sick bed I languish,  
 Full of sorrow, full of anguish,  
 Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,  
 Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,  
 My soul just now about to take her flight  
 Into the Regions of eternal night;

Oh

## P O E M S.

Oh tell me you,  
That have been long below.

What shall I do!

What shall I think, when cruel Death appears,

That may extenuate my fears.

Methinks I hear some gentle Spirit say,

Be not fearful, come away!

Think with thy self that now thou shalt be free,

And find thy long expected liberty,

Better thou mayest, but worse thou can'st not be,

Than in this vale of Tears, and misery.

Like *Cæsar*, with assurance than come on,

And unamaz'd, attempt the Laurel Crown,

That lyes on th'other side Death's *Rubicon*.

*Psalm*



*Psalm 39. verses 4<sup>th</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup>.*

VERSE 4th.

**L**Ord let me know the Period of my age,  
The length of this my weary Pilgrimage,  
How long this miserable life shall last,  
This Life that staves so long, yet flies so fast!

VERSE 5th.

Thou by a Span measurest those dayes of mine,  
Eternity's the spacious bound of Thine:  
Who shall compare his little span with thee,  
With Thine incomprehensibility  
Man born to trouble leaves this World with pain,  
His best estate is altogether vain..

*Hymne*

*Hymne for the Morning.*

**A** Wake my Soul ! Awake mine eyes !  
Awake my drowsie faculties ;  
Awake, and see the new born Light  
Spring from the darksome womb of Night !  
Look up and see th' unwearied Sun,  
Already is his Race begun :  
The pretty Lark is mounted high,  
And sings her Mattins in the Sky ;  
Arise my Soul ! and thou my voice  
In Songs of Praise, early rejoyce !  
O Great Creator ! Heavenly King !  
Thy Praises let me ever sing !  
Thy Power has made, thy Goodness kept  
This fenceless body while I slept,  
Yet one day more hast given me  
From all the Powers of darkness free :

O keep my heart from Sin secure,  
My Life unblameable and pure,  
That when the last of all my dayes is come,  
Cheerful, and fearless I may wait my doom.

---

*Anthem for the Evening.*

Sleep! downy sleep! come close my eyes,  
Tyr'd with beholding vanities!  
Sweet slumbers come and chase away  
The toiles and follies of the day:  
On your soft bosom will I lie.  
Forget the World and learn to die.  
O *Israels* watchful shepheard spread  
Tents of Angels round my bed;  
Let not the spirits of the aire,  
While I slumber, me ensnare,  
But save thy suppliant free from harmes,  
Clasp't in thine everlasting armes.

Clouds

Clouds and thick darkness is thy throne,  
 Thy wonderful Pavilion:  
 Oh dart from thence a shining ray,  
 And then my midnight shall be day!  
 Thus when the morn in crimson drest,  
 Breaks through the Windows of the East,  
 My Hymns of thankful praises shall arise  
 Like incense or the morning sacrifice,

---

## D E A T H.

## S O N G.

**O**H the sad Day,  
 When friends shall shake their heads and say  
 Of miserable me,  
 Hark how he groans, look how he pants for breath,  
 See how he struggles with the pangs of Death!  
 When they shall say of these poor eyes,  
 How Hollow, and how dim they be,

Mark

Mark how his breast does swell and rise,  
Against his potent enemy !

When some old Friend shall step to my bedside,  
Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently slide

And when this next companions say,  
How does he do ? what hopes ? shall turn away,

Answering only with a lift up hand,  
Who can his fate withstand ?

Then shall a gasp or two, do more  
Than e're my Rhetorick could before,

Perfwade the peevish World to trouble me no more!

---

### *The Happy Man.*

**P** Eaceful is he, and most secure,  
Whose heart, and actions all are pure ;  
How smooth and pleasant is his way,  
Whilst Life's *Meander* slides away

IF

If a fierce Thunderbolt do flie,  
This Man can unconcerned lie;  
Knows 'tis not levell'd at his head,  
So neither noise, nor flash can dread:  
Tho' a swift whirlwind tear in sunder  
Heav'n above him, or Earth under;  
Tho' the Rocks on heaps do tumble,  
Or the World to ashes crumble,  
Tho' the stupendious Mountains from on high  
Drop down, and in their humble Vallies lie:  
Should the unruly Ocean roar,  
And dash its foam against the shore;  
He finds no tempest in his mind,  
Fears no billow, feels no wind:  
All is serene, all quiet there,  
There's not one blast of troubled air,  
Old stars may fall, or new ones blaze,  
Yet none of these his Soul amaze,  
Such is the man can smile at irksome death,  
And with an easie sigh give up his breath.



---

*On Mr. JOHNSONS several Shipwracks.*

**H**E that has never yet acquainted been  
With cruel chance, nor Vertue naked seen,  
Strip't from th' advantages (which vices wear)  
Of happy, plausible, successful, fair;  
Nor learn't how long the lowring cloud may last,  
Wherewith her beauteous face is overcast,  
'Till she her native glories does recover,  
And shine's more bright, after the Storm is over;  
To be inform'd, he need no further go,  
Than this divine Epitome of woe;  
In *Johnson's* life, and writings he may find,  
What *Homer* in his *Odisses* design'd,  
A vertuous man, by miserable fate,  
Rendred ten thousand wayes unfortunate;

E

Sometimes

Sometimes within a leaking Vessel tost,  
 All hopes of life, and the lov'd Shore quite lost,  
 While hidden sands, and every greedy wave,  
 With horror gap't themselves into a grave :  
 Sometimes upon a Rock with fury thrown,  
 Moaning himself, where none could hear his mone;  
 Sometimes cast out upon the barren sand,  
 Expos'd to th' mercy of a barbarous land :  
 Such was the pious *Johnson*, 'till kind Heaven  
 A blessed end to all his toiles had given :  
 To shew, that vertuous men; tho' they appear,  
 But *Fortunes* sport, are *Providence's* care.

---

*An Explanation of an Emblem*

*engraven by V. H.*

**S**E'lt thou those *Raies*, the *Light* 'bove them ?  
 And that gay thing the *Diadem* ?  
 The *Wheel* and *Balance*, which are ty'd  
 To th Gold, black Clouds on either side ?

Se'ft thou the winged *Trumpeters* with all,  
 That kick the *World's* blew tottering ball?  
 The flying *Globe*, the *Glass* thereon,  
 Those fragments of a *Skeleton*?  
 The *Bayes*, the *Psalms*, the *Fighting men*,  
 And *writtten Scroul*? — Come tell me then,  
 Did thy o're curious eye e'r see  
 An apter Scheme of Misery?  
 Whats all that *Gold* and sparkling *Stones*  
 To that bald scull, to those *Cross bones*?  
 What mean those *Blades* (whom men adore)  
 To stain the Earth with purple gore?  
 Sack stately *Towns*, silk *Banners* spread,  
 Gallop their *Courfers* o're the dead,  
 Far more than this? and all to sway  
 But till those sands shall guide away.  
 For when the *Bubble World* shall fly  
 With stretcht out *Plumes*, when the brisk eye  
 Shall close with anguish, sink with tears,  
 And th' *Angels trumpets* pierce our ears,

What's haughty Man or those fine things,  
 Which Heaven calls *Men*, though *Men* stile *Kings*?  
 Vain *World* adieu! and farewell fond renown!  
 Give me the *Glory*, that's above the *Crown*!

---

### *For Thoughts.*

I.

**T***Houghts?* What are they?  
 They are my constant Friends,  
 Who, when harsh Fate it's dull brow bends,  
 Uncloud me with a smiling Ray,  
 And in the depth of midnight force a day.

I I.

When I retire, and flee  
 The busie throngs of Company;  
 To hug my self in privacy;  
 O the discourse! the pleasant talk,

'Twixt

'Twixt us (my Thoughts) a long a lonely walk !

I I I.

You like the stupifying Wine

The dying malefactors sip

With shivering lip,

T' abate the rigour of their doom,

By a less troublous cut to their long home ;

Make me slight Crosses, though they pil'd up lie,

All by th' enchantments of an extasie.

I V.

Do I desire to see

The throne and Majesty

Of that proud one

*Brother and Unkle to the Stars and Sun ?*

Those can conduct me where such Toyes reside,

And waft me cross the Main, *sans* wind and tide.

## v.

Would I descrie  
 Those radiant Mansions 'bove the Skie,  
 Invisible by Mortal eye?  
 My *Thoughts*, my *Thoughts* can lay  
 A shining Track thereto,  
 And nimbly fleeting go:  
 Through all the eleven *Orbs* can shove away,  
 These too, like *Jacobs* ladder, are  
 A most Angelick Thoroughfare.

## v I.

The wealth that shines  
 In th' *Oriental* mines;  
 Those sparkling gems which Nature keeps  
 Within her Cabinets, the deeps;  
 The Verdant Fields,  
 The Rarities the Rich world yields;  
 Rare Structures, whose each gilded spire  
 Glisters



Glitters like Lightning ; which, while men admire  
 They deem the neighbouring Skie on fire,  
 These can I gaze upon and glut mine eyes  
 With Myriads of varieties.

As on the front of *Pisga*, I  
 Can th' *Holy Land* through these my *Opticks* spie.

V I I.

Contemn we then  
 The peevish rage of men;  
 Whose violene ne'r can divorce  
 Our mutual amity;  
 Or lay so damn'd a Curse  
 As *non addresses*, 'twixt my thoughts and me :  
 For though I sigh in Irons, They  
 Use their old freedome, readily obey ;  
 And when my bosome-friends desert me, stay.

V I I I.

Come then my darlings, I'll embrace

My Priviledge ; make known  
 The high prerogative I own,  
 By making all allurements give you place ;  
 Whose sweet society to me,  
 A sanctuary and a sheild shall be  
 Gainst the full Quivers of my Destiny.

---

### *Against Thoughts.*

#### I.

**I**Ntolerable Racks !  
 Distend my Soul no more,  
 Loud as the billows when they roar,  
 More dreadful than the hideous thunder cracks.  
 Foes inappeasable ! that slay  
 My best contents, around me stand,  
 Each like a *Fury*, with a Torch in hand ;  
 And fright me from the hopes of one good day.

When

II.

When I seclude my self, and say  
 How frolick will I be,  
 Unfetter'd from my Company  
 I'll bath me in felicity!  
 In come these Guests,  
 Which *Harpy* like defile my Feasts,  
 Oh the damn'd Dialogues, the cursed talk  
 'Twixt us (my thoughts) along a fullen walk.

III.

You, like the poisonous wine  
 The Gallants quaff  
 To make 'em laugh,  
 And yet at last endure  
 From thence the tortures of a *Calenture*,  
 Fool me with feign'd refectiōns, till I lie  
 Stark raveing in a *Bedlam* extasie.

Do

## I v.

Do I dread  
The Starry Throne and Majesty  
Of that High *God*,  
Who batters Kingdoms with an Iron Rod,  
And makes the Mountains stagger with a nod?  
That sits upon the glorious Bow,  
Smiling at changes here below.  
These goad me to his grand Tribunal, where  
They tell me I with horror must appear,  
And antedate amazements by grim fear.

## v.

Would I descry  
Those happy Soul's blest Mansions 'bove the Sky,  
Invisible by mortall eye,  
And in a noble speculation trace  
A journey to that shining place?  
Can I afford a sigh or two,

Or breath a Wish that I might thither go :  
 These clip my plumes, and chill my blazing Love  
 That O I cannot, cannot soar above.

## V I.

The Fire that shines  
 In Subterranean mines,  
 The Chrystal'd streams,  
 The sulphur rocks that glow upon  
 The torrid banks of *Phlegeton* ;  
 Those sooty fiends which nature keeps,  
 Bolted and Barr'd up in the deeps ;  
 Black caves wide Chasms which who see confess  
 Types of the Pit so deep, so bottomless !  
 These mysteries, though I fain would not behold,  
 You to my view unfold :  
 Like an Old Roman Criminal, to the high  
*Terpeian Hill* you force me up, that I  
 May so be hurried headly down, and Die.

Mention

## VII.

Mention not then  
 The strength, and faculties of men;  
 Whose arts cannot expell  
 These anguishes, this bosome-Hell.  
 When down my aking head I lay  
 In hopes to slumber them away;  
     Perchance I do beguile  
     The tyranny a while;  
 One or two minutes, then they throng again,  
 And reassault me with a trebled pain:  
     Nay though I sob in fetters, they  
 Spare me not then; perplex me each sad day,  
 And whom a very *Turk* would pity, slay,

## VIII.

Hence, Hence, (my Jaylors! ) *Thoughts* be  
 Let my Tranquilities alone. (gone,  
     Shall I embrace



A *Crocodile*, or place

My choice affections on the fatal Dart,

That stabs me to the heart ?

I hate your curst proximity,

Worse than the venom'd arrows heads that be

Cramm'd in the quivers of my Destiny.

---

*A Dooms-day Thought. Anno 1659.*

**J**udgment ! two syllables can make

The haughtiest Son of *Adam* shake,

'Tis coming, and 'twill surely come

The dawning to that *Day of Doom* ;

O th' morning blush of that dread day,

When Heav'n and Earth shall steal away,

Shall in their Pristine *Chaos* hide,

Rather than th' angry Judge abide :

'Tis not far off ; methinks I see

Among the Stars some dimmer be ;

Some

Some tremble, as their Lamps did fear  
 A Neighbouring Extinguisher:  
 The greater Luminaries fail,  
 Their Glories by Eclipses veil,  
 Knowing e're long their borrow'd Light  
 Must sink in th' Universal Night!

When I behold a Mist arise,  
 Strait to the same astonish't Eies,  
 Th' ascending Clouds do's represent,  
 A scene of th' smoking Firmament.  
 Oft when I hear a blustering Wind  
 With a tempestuous murmur joyn'd,  
 I phancy, *Nature* in this blast,  
 Practice's how to breath her Last,  
 Or sigh's for poor Mans misery,  
 Or pant's for fair Eternity.

Go to the dull Church-yard, and see  
 Those Hillocks of Mortality,  
 Where proudest Man is onely found  
 By a small swelling in the Ground;

What crouds of Carcasses are made  
 Slave to the pickax and the spade!  
 Dig but a foot, or two, to make  
 A Cold Bed, for thy dead friends sake,  
 'Tis odds but in that scantling roome  
 Thou robb'st another of his Tombe,  
 Or in thy delving smit't upon  
 A shinbone, or a Cranion:

When th' Prison's full, what next can be  
 But the grand Goal Delivery?  
 The great *Affize*, when the pale Clay  
 Shall gape, and render up it's Prey;  
 When from the dungeon of the Grave  
 The meager Throng themselves shall heave,  
 Shake off their linnen chaines, and gaze  
 with wonder, when the world shall blaze,  
 Then climb the mountaines, scale the Rocks,  
 Force op'e the Deep's Eternal locks,  
 Beseech the Clifts to lend an ear,  
 Obdurate they, and will not hear.

What

What? ne're a cavern ne're a Grot  
 To cover from the common Lot?  
 No quite forgotten Hold, to ly  
 Obscur'd, and pass the reck'ning by?  
 No — Ther's a quick all piercing Ey  
 Can through the Earth's dark Center pry,  
 Search into th' bowels of the Sea,  
 And comprehend Eternity.

What shall we do then, when the voice  
 Of the shrill *Trump* with strong fierce noise  
 Shall pierce our ears, and summon all  
 To th' Universe wide Judgment-Hall?  
 What shall we do, we cannot hide,  
 Nor yet that scrutiny abide:  
 When enlarg'd Conscience loudly speaks,  
 And all our bosom-secrets breaks;  
 When flames surround, and greedy *Hell*  
 Gapes for a Booty, (*who can dwell*  
*With everlasting Burnings!*) when  
 Irrevocable words shall pass on Men;

Poor naked Men, who sometimes, thought  
 These frights perhaps would come to nought!  
 What shall we do, we cannot run  
 For Refuge, or the strict Judge shun.  
 'Tis too late *then* to think what course to take,  
 While we live here, we must Provision make.

---

*Virtus sola manet, cætera mor-  
 tis erunt.*

## I.

**N** Unquam sitivi, quæ vehit aureo  
 Pactolus alveo flumina; quo magis  
 Potatur Hermus, tanto avaræ  
 Mentis Hydrops sitibundus ardet.

## II.

Frustrâ caducî carceris incela  
 Molirer Arces; quilibet angulus

*Sat ossa post manes reponet;*

*Exiguum satis est Sepulchrum.*

## I I I

*Nil stemma penso, nil titulos moror,*

*Cerâsve âviti sanguinis indices,*

*Sunt ista fatorum, inque Lethes*

*Naufragium patientur undis.*

## I V.

*Ergo in quieto pectoris ambitu*

*Quid Mens anhelas fulgura gloriæ,*

*Laudésque inanes, & loquacem*

*Quæ populi sedet ore, famam.*

## V

*Letho superstes gloria, somnii*

*Dulcedo vana est, fama malignior,*

*Nil tangit umbras, nec feretrum*

*Ingreditur Popularis Aura.*

## V J.

*Mansura sector, sola sed invidi*

*Expers Sepulchri sydera trajicit,*

*Spernensque*



*Spernensque fatorum tumultus  
Pellit humum generosa Virtus.*

## VII.

*Præceps novarum cætera mensium  
Consumet ætas, serâque temporis  
Delebit annosi vetustas  
Utopicæ nova Regna Luna.*

*Translated.*

## I.

**I** Never thirsted for the Golden Floud,  
Which o're *Pactolus* wealthy sands do's roul,  
From whence the Covetous mind receives no good,  
But rather swells the dropſie of his Soul:

## II.

On Pallaces why should I ſet my mind,  
Imprison'd in his bodies mouldring clay?  
Ere long to poor ſix foot of Earth confin'd,  
Whoſe bones muſt crumble at the fatal day

## III.

Titles and Pedigrees, what are they to me,  
 Or honour gain'd by our Fore-Fathers toil,  
 The Sport of Fate, whose gaudiest Pageantry  
*Let*he will wash out, dark Oblivion soyle.

## IV.

Why then (my Soul) who fain would'st be at ease,  
 Should the Worlds glory dazle thy bright Eye?  
 Thy self with vain applause why should'st thou  
 (please,  
 Or dote on Fame, which Fools may take from  
 (Thee!

## V.

Praise after death is but a pleasant dream,  
 The Dead fare ne'r the worse for ill report;  
 The Ghosts below know nothing of a Name,  
 Nor ever Popular Carcasses court,

## VI.

Give me the lasting Good, *Virtue*, that flies

Above

Above the Clouds; that tramples on dull Earth.  
 Exempt from Fates tumultuous mutinies,  
*Vertue*, that cannot need a second Birth :

## V I I.

All other things must bend their heads to Time,  
 By Ages mighty Torrent born away,  
 Hereafter no more thought on than my Rhime,  
 Or *Faëry* Kingdomes in *Utopia*.

---

*Pſalm. 15. Paraphraſd.*

## V E R S E I.

**W**Ho ſhall approach the dread *Jehova's*  
 Throne,  
 Or dwell within thy Courts, O *Holy One*!  
 That happy man whoſe feet ſhall tread the road  
 Up *Sion's* hill, that holy hill of God.

## V E R S E I I.

He that's devout and strict in all he does  
 That through the sinful world uprightly goes,  
 The desp'rate heights from whence the great ones  
 fall,

(Giddy with fame) turn not his head at all :  
 Stands firm on *Honours* pinnacle, and so  
 Fears not the dreadful precipice below.  
 Of Conscience, not of Man, he stands in awe,  
 Just to observe each tittle of the Law !  
 His words and thoughts bear not a double part,  
 His breast is open, and he speaks his heart.

## V E R S E I I I.

He that reviles not, or with cruel words,  
 (Deadly as venome, sharp as two edg'd swords)  
 Murthers his friends repute, nor dares believe,  
 That rumour which his Neighbour's soul may  
 grieve:

But

But with kind words embalme's his bleeding Name,  
Wipes of the rust, and polishes his fame,

VERSE IV.

He in whose eys the bravest sinners be  
Extreamly vile, though rob'd in Majestie;  
But if he spies a righteous man (though poor)  
Him he can honour, love, admire, adore,  
In *Israel's* humbled plains had rather stay,  
Than in the tents of *Kedar* bear the sway:  
He that severely keeps his sacred vow,  
No mental reservation dares allow;  
But what he swears, intends; will rather dy,  
Lose all he has, then tell a *solemn Ly.*

VERSE V.

He that extorts not from the needy soul,  
When Laws his Tyranny cannot controul;  
He whom a thousand Empires cannot hire,

F 4

Against

Against a guiltless person to conspire.

He that has these perfections, needs no more

What treasures can be added to his store :

The *Pyramids* shall turn to dust, to hide

Their own vast bulk, and haughty Founders  
pride.

*Leviathan* shall dy within his deep ;

The eyes of heaven close in eternal sleep ;

Confusion may o'rewhelm both sea, and land ;

Mountains may tumble down, but he shall stand.



JOB

**F**EW be the days that feeble man must breath,  
 Yet frequent Troubles antedate his death :  
 Gay like a flow'r he comes, which newly grown,  
 Fades of it self, or is untimely mown :  
 Like a thin aëry shadow does he flie,  
 Lengthning and shortning still until he die :  
 And does *Jehova* think on such a one,  
 Does he behold him from his mighty throne?  
 Will he contend with such a worthless thing,  
 Or Dust and Ashes into judgment bring?

Unclean, unclean is man ev'n from the womb,  
 Unclean he falls into his drowzy Tomb.  
 Surely, he cannot answer God, nor be  
 Accounted pure, before such purity.

*Nudus*

*Nudus Redibo.*

**N**AKED I came, when I began to be  
A man among the sons of misery,  
Tender, unarm'd, helpless and quite forlorn  
E're since 'twas my hard fortune to be born;  
And when the space of a few weary dayes  
Shall be expir'd, then must I go my wayes.  
Naked I shall return, and nothing have,  
Nothing wherewith to bribe my hungry grave.

Then what's the proudest *Monarch's* glittering  
Robe,

Or what's he more, than I, that rul'd the Globe?  
Since we must all without distinction die,  
And slumber both stark naked, He and I.

*An*

*An Elegy on the Earl of*  
S A N D W I C H.

**I**F there were ought in Verse, at once could raise,  
Or tender pity, or immortal praise,  
Thine Obsequies, brave *Sandwich*, would require  
What ever might our nobler thoughts inspire;  
But since thou find'st by thy unhappy fate,  
What 'tis to be unfortunately Great,  
And purchase honour at too dear a rate:  
The Muses best attempt, how e're design'd,  
Cannot but prove impertinently kind,  
Thy glorious valour is a Theam too high,  
For all the humble arts of Poësie,  
To side with chance, and Kingdomes over-run  
Are little things Ambitious men have done;  
But on a flaming Ship thus to despise  
That life, which others did so highly prize;

To

To fight with Fire, and struggle with a wave,  
 And *Neptune* with unwearied Arms out brave,  
 Are deeds surpassing fabulous Chronicle,  
 And which no future Age can parallel;  
*Leviathan* himselſe's outdone by Thee,  
 Thou greater *wonder of the Deep*, then he:  
 Nor could the Deep thy mighty aſhes hold,  
 The Deep that ſwallows Diamonds and Gold,  
 Fame ev'n thy ſacred Relicks, does purſue,  
 Richer than all the treaſures of *Peru*:  
 While the kind Sea, thy breathleſs body brings  
 Safe to the bed of Honour, and of Kings.

---

*An Epitaph on the Earl of Sandwich.*

**H**ere lies the Duſt of that illuſtrious Man,  
 That triumph't o're the Ocean;  
 Who for his Country nobly courted death,  
 And dearly ſold his glorious Breath,

Or in a word, in this cold narrow Grave  
*Sandwich* the Good, the Great, the Brave,  
 (Oh frail Estate of Sublunary things!)  
 Lyes equal here with *Englands* greatest Kings.

---

P A S T O R A L.

I.

**A**T break of day poor *Celadon*  
 Hard by his Sheepfolds walk't alone,  
 His arms a cross, his head bow'd down,  
 His oaten pipe besides him thrown,  
 When *Thirsis* hidden in a Thicket by,  
 Thus heard the discontented Shepheard cry.

I I.

What is it *Celadon* has done,  
 That all his happiness is gone!

The

The Curtains of the dark are drawn,  
 And chearful morn begins to dawn,  
 Yet in my breast 'tis ever dead of night,  
 That can admit no beam of pleasant light.

## I I I.

You pretty Lambs do leap and play  
 To welcome the new kindled day,  
 Your Shepherd harmless, as are you,  
 Why is he not as frolick too !  
 If such disturbance th' Innocent attend,  
 How differs he from them that dare offend !

## I V.

Ye Gods ! or let me die, or live,  
 If I must die, why this reprieve ?  
 If you would have me live, O why  
 Is it with me as those that die !  
 I faint, I gasp, I pant, my eyes are set,  
 My Cheeks are pale, and I am living yet,



V.

Ye Gods! I never did withhold  
 The fattest Lamb of all my fold,  
 But on your Altars laid it down,  
 And with a Garland did it crown.  
 Is it in vain to make your Altars smoke?  
 Is it all one, to please, and to provoke?

V I.

Time was that I could sit and smile,  
 Or with a dance the time beguile,  
 My soul like that smooth lake was still,  
 Bright as the Sun behind yon hill,  
 Like yonder stately Mountain clear, and high,  
 Swift, soft, and gay as that same Butterfly.

V I I.

But now *Within* there's Civil war,  
 In arms my rebel Passions are,

Their

Their old Allegiance laid aside,  
 The Traitors now in Triumph ride;  
 That many headed monster has throne down  
 It's lawful Monarch Reason, from it's throne,

## V I I I.

See unrelenting *Sylvia* See,  
 All this, and more is long of Thee:  
 For e'r I saw that charming face,  
 Uninterrupted was my peace,  
 Thy glorious beamy eyes have struck me blind,  
 To my own Soul the way I cannot find.

## I X.

Yet is it not thy fault nor mine,  
 Heav'n is to blame, that did not shine  
 Upon us both with equal rayes,  
 It made thine bright, mine gloomy dayes,  
 To *Sylvia* beauty gave, and riches store,  
 All *Celadon's* offence is, he is poor.

x.

Unlucky stars poor Shepherds have,  
 Whose love is fickle *Fortune's* Slave:  
 Those golden days are out of date,  
 When every Turtle chose his Mate:  
*Cupid* that mighty Prince then uncontroul'd  
 Now like a little *Negro's* bought and fold.

---

*On the Death of Mr. Pelham*  
*Humfries.*

*Pastoral Song.*

**D**Id you not hear the hideous Grone,  
 The Shrieks, and heavy mone  
 That spread themselves o're all the pensive Plain;  
 And rent the brest of many a tender Swain:  
 Twas for *Amintas*, Dead and gone.

G

Sing

Sing ye forsaken Shepherds, sing *His* Praise

In careless Melancholy Layes,

Lend *Him* a little doleful Breath:

Poor *Amintas*! cruel Death!

'Twas *Thou* could'st make Dead words to live,

*Thou* that dull numbers could'st inspire

With charming Voice, and tuneful Lyre,

That Life to all, but to *Thy self* could'st give;

Why could'st *Thou* not *thy* wondrous Art bequeath

Poor *Amintas*! Cruel Death!

Sing pious Shepherds, while you may,

Before th'approaches of the Fatal Day:

For you your selves that sing this mournful Song,

Alas! e're it be long,

Shall, like *Amintas* Breathless be,

Though more forgotten in the Grave, than *He*.

## The Mistake

S O N G.

**I** Heard a Young Lover in terrible pain; (least,  
From whence if he pleas'd, he might soon be reas  
He Swore, and he Vow'd again and again,  
He could not out live the turmoils of his breast ;

But, alas, the young Lover I found (ground;  
Knew little how cold Love would prove under

Why should I believe, prithee *Love* tell me why,  
Where my own Flesh and Bloud must give me the

Lye!

(brave,

Let 'em rant while they will, and their Destinies

They'll find their flames vanish on this side the grave;

For tho' all addreses on purpose are made

To be *huddled to Bed*, — 'tis'nt meant, *with a spade!*

*The Incredulous.*

SONG.

**I**Le, ne're believe for *Strephon's* sake  
 That *Love*, (whate'r it's fond pretences be)  
 Is not a slave to mutability,  
 The Moon and that alike of change partake ;  
 Tears are weak, and cannot bind,  
 Vowes alas ! but empty Wind :  
 The greatest Art that Nature gave  
 To th' Amorous Hypocrite to make him kind,  
 Long e're he dies will take it's leave,  
 Had you but seen, as I have done,  
*Strephon's* tears, and heard his mone,  
 How pale his Cheek, how dim his Eye,  
 As if with *Chloris* he resolv'd to Dye ;

And



And when her spotless Soul was fled  
Heard his amazing praises of the Dead ;

Yet in a very little time address

His flame to another Shepherdes.

In a few days giving his Love the Lye,  
you'd be as great an Infidel as I.

---

*Weeping at Parting.*

S O N G .

I.

**G**O gentle *Oriana*, go,  
Thou feelt the Gods will have it so ;

Alas ! Alas ! 'tis much in vain

Of their ill usage to complain,

To curse them when we want relief,

Lessens our courage not our greif ;

Dear *Oriana* wipe thine eye,

The Time may come, that thou, and I

G 3

Shall

Shall meet again, long, long to prove  
 What Vigour absence adds to love,  
 Smile *Oriana* then, and let me see,  
 That look again which stole my liberty.

## I I.

But say that *Oriana* die,  
 And that sad moment may be nigh,  
 The Gods that for a year can sever,  
 If it please them can part us ever,  
 They that refresh, can make us weep,  
 And into Death can lengthen sleep,  
 Kind *Oriana* should I hear  
 The Thing I so extreamly fear,  
 'Twill not be strange, if it be said,  
 After a while, I too, am dead.  
 Weep *Oriana* weep, for who does know,  
 Whether we e'r shall meet again below,

*The desperate Lover.*

**O** Mighty King of Terrors, come!  
Command thy Slave to his long home:  
*be* Great Sanctuary Grave! to thee  
In throngs the miserable flie;  
Encircl'd in thy frozen arms,  
They bid defiance to their harms,  
Regardless of those pond'rous little things,  
That discompose th' uneasie heads of Kings.

## I I.

In the cold earth the Pris'ner lies  
Ransom'd from all his miseries,  
Himself forgotten, he forgets  
His cruel Creditors, and Debts;  
And there in everlasting peace  
Contentions with their Authors cease.

A turfe of grafs or Monument of Stone.

Umpires the petty competition,

III.

The difappointed Lover there,

Breaths not a figh nor fheds a tear ;

With us (fond fools) he never fhares

In fad perplexities and cares ;

The willow near his tombe that grows

Revives his memory, not his woes,

Or rain, or fhine, he is advanc't above

Th' affronts of heaven, and stratagems of Love.

IV.

Then mighty King of Terrors come

Command thy flave to his long home.

And thou my friend that lov'ft me beft

Seals up thefe eyes that brake my reft ;

Put out the lights, befpeak my knell,

And then eternally farewell.

'Tis all th' amends our wretched Fates can give,

That none can force a desperate man to Live.

*The Fatigue.*

## A S O N G.

**A** Dieu fond World, and all thy Wiles,  
Thy haughty frowns, and Treacherous smiles  
They that behold thee with my eyes,  
Thy double dealing will despise :  
From thee false world, my deadly Foe,  
Into some Defart let me go ;  
Some gloomy melancholly Cave,  
Dark and silent as the Grave,  
Let me withdraw ; where I may be  
From thine impertinencies free :  
There when I hear the Turtle grone,  
How sweetly would I make my mone !  
Kind *Philomel* would teach me there  
My sorrows pleasantly to bear :  
There could I correspond with none  
But Heaven, and my own breast alone.

*The Resolve.*

## S O N G.

## I.

**H**Ad *Phillis* neither charmes, nor Graces  
 More than the rest of women wear,  
 Levell'd by Fate with common faces,  
 Yet *Damon* could esteem her fair.

## I I.

Good natur'd Love can soon forgive  
 Those petty injuries of time,  
 And all th' affronts of years impute  
 To her misfortune, not her crime.

## I I I.

Wedlock put's love upon the wrack,  
 Makes it confess 'tis still the same  
 Anicy age, as it appear'd,  
 At first when all was lively flame.



I V.

If *Hymen's* slaves, whose ears are bor'd,  
 Thus constant by compulsion be,  
 Why should not choice in dear us more  
 Than them their hard necessity,

V.

*phillis* ! 'tis true, thy glass does run,  
 But since mine too keep's equal pace,  
 My silver hairs may trouble thee,  
 As much as me thy ruin'd face.

V I,

Then let us constant be as Heaven,  
 Whose Laws inviolable are,  
 Not like those rambling *Meteors* there  
 That foretel ills, and disappear.

V I I.

So shall a pleasing calm attend,  
 Our long uneasy Destiny,  
 So sha'll our loves, and lives expire  
 From Storms and Tempests ever free:

Love's

---

 LOVE'S *Bravo.*

## S O N G.

**W**hy should we murmur, why repine  
*Phillis* at thy fate, or mine ?

Like pris'ners, why do we those fetters shake,

Which neither thou, nor I can break ?

There is a better way to baffle fate,

If Morlals would but mind it,

And 'tis not hard to find it :

Who would be happy, must be desperate ;

He must despise those Stars that fright

Onely Fools that dread the night,

Time and chance he must out brave,

He that crouches is their Slave.

Thus the wise *Pagans* ill at ease,

Bravely chastiz'd their surly *Deities*.

The

*The Expectation.*

S O N G.

**W**Hy did I ever see those glorions eyes  
My famish' t Soul to Tantalize?

I hop'd for Heav'n, which I had lately seen,  
But ne'r Perceiv'd the Gulph between:

In vain for blifs did my presumptions seek,

My love so strong

I could not hold my tongue,

My heart so feeble that I durst not speak,

**I I.**  
Yet why do I my constitution blame

Since all my heart is out of frame!

'Twere better (sure) my passion to appease,

With hope to palliate my disease:

And

And 'twill be something like Tranquility;  
 To hope for that  
 I must not compass yet  
 And make a virtue of Necessity.

---

### C O R I D O N *converted.*

#### S O N G.

**W**Hen *Coridon* a Slave did lie,  
 Entangled in his *Phillis* eye,  
 How did he sigh! how did he grone!  
 How melancholy was his tone!  
 He told his story to the woods,  
 And wept his passion by the fountains;  
 But *Phillis*, cruel *Phillis*, too too blame,  
 Regarded not his sufferings, nor his flame;

Then

I I:

Then *Coridon* resolv'd no more  
 His Mistress mercy to implore ;  
 How did he laugh, how did he sing !  
 How did he make the forrest ring !  
 He told his conquests to the woods,  
 And drown'd his passions in the floods :  
 Then *Phillis*, cruel *Phillis*, less severe  
 Would have had him, But he would none of her.

---

*The Humourist.*

S O N G.

I.

**G**ood faith I never was but once so mad  
 To dote upon an idle woman's face,  
 And then alas ! my fortune was so bad  
 To see another chosen in my place,

And

And yet I courted her I'me very sure  
With Love as true as his was, and as pure.

I I.

But if I ever be so fond again  
To undertake the second part of love,  
To reassume that most unmanlike pain,  
Or after shipwrack do the Ocean prove;  
My Mistress must be gentle, kind, and free,  
Or I'll be as indifferent as she.

---

### *Fading Beauty.*

S O N G.

I.

**A**S poor *Anrelia* sat alone,  
Hard by a Rivulets flowry side,  
Envious at Nature's new born pride,  
Her slighted self, she thus reflected on.

Alas!



I I.

Alas! that Nature should revive  
 These flowers, which after Winter's snow  
 Spring fresh again and brighter shew,  
 But for our fairer Sex so ill contrive!

III.

Beauty like theirs a short liv'd thing,  
 On us in vain she did bestow,  
 Beauty that onely once can grow,  
 An Autumn has, but knows no second Spring. ]

A DIALOGUE.

*Cloris and Parthenissa.*

c. **W**Hy doest thou all address deny?  
 Hard hearted *Parthenissa*, why?

H

See

See how the trembling Lovers come,  
That from thy lips expect their doom.

*P.* *Chloris*! I hate them all, they know,  
Nay I have often told them so;  
Their silly politick's abhorr'd:  
I scorn to make my slave my Lord:

*C.* But *Strephon*'s eyes proclaim his love  
Too brave, tyrannical to prove,

*P.* Ah *Chloris*! when we lose our pow'r  
We must obey the Conquerour.

*C.* Yet where a gentle Prince bear's sway.  
It is no bondage to obey:

*P.* But if like *Nero*, for a while,  
With arts of kindness he beguile;  
How shall the Tyrant be withstood!  
When he has writ his laws in blood!

*C.* Love, (*Parthenissa*) all command's  
It fetters Kings in charming bands,  
*Mars* yields his arms to *Cupid*'s darts,

And

And Beauty soften's savage hearts.

Chorus,

*If nothing else can pull the Tyrant down,  
Kill him with kindness, and the day's your own.*

---

A Dialogue.

Orpheus and Euridice.

*Orpheus;*

**E**uridice, my fair, my fair *Euridice* !  
My love, my joy, my life, if so thou be  
In *Pluto's* Kingdome answer me, appear  
And come to thy poor *Orpheus*. —

*Eur.* Oh I hear,

I hear, dear *Orpheus*, but I cannot come  
Beyond the bounds of dull *Elizium*.  
I cannot —

*Or.* And why wilt thou not draw near ?  
Is there within these Courts a shade so dear  
As he that calls thee ?

H 2

*Eur.*

*Eur.* No, there cannot be

A thing so lovely in mine eyes as thee.

*Orph.* Why comes not then *Euridice* ? —

*Eur.* The Fates

The Fates forbid, and these eternal Gates

Never unbarr'd, to let a pris'ner go,

Deny me passage, nay grim *Cerberus* too

Stands at the door —

*Orp.* But cannot then

They that o're *Lethe* go, return agen ?

*Eur.* Never, oh never ! —

*Orp.* Sure they may, let's try

If Art can null the laws of Destiny.

My Layes compacted *Thebes*, made every Tree

Loosen it's roots to caper, come let's see

What thou and I can do ?

*Chor.* Perchance the throng

Of Ghosts may be enchanted with a song

And mov'd to Pity. —

*Eur.*

*Eur.* Hark the hinges move  
The Gate's unbarr'd, I come, I come my love.

*Chorus amborum.*

Twas musick, only musick, could un-spel  
Helpleffe, undone *Euridice* from Hell,

---

*The Batchelors Song.*

**L**ike a Dog with a bottle, fast ti'd to his tail,  
Like Vermin in a trap, or a Thief in a Jail,  
Or like a *Tory* in a Bog,  
Or an Ape with a Clog :  
Such is the man, who when he might go free,  
Does his liberty lose,  
For a Matrimony noose,  
And sells himself into captivity ;  
The Dog he do's howl, when his bottle do's jog, *W*  
The Vermin, the Theif, and the *Tory* in vain

Of the trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire complain.  
 But welfare poor *Pug*! for he playes with his  
 Clog;  
 And tho' he would be rid on't rather than his life,  
 Yet he lugg's it, and he hug's it, as a man does his  
 Wife.

---

### *The Second part.*

#### S O N G.

**H**ow happy a thing were a wedding  
 and a bedding,  
 If a man might purchase a wife  
 For a twelve month and a day;  
 But to live with her all a mans life,  
 Forever and for ay,  
 Till she grow as grey as a Cat,  
 Good faith Mr. Parson, I thank you for that.

*Advice*



---

*Advice to an Old man of sixty three  
about to marry a Girl of sixteen.*

## S O N G.

## I.

**N**OW fie upon him! what is Man,  
Whose life at best is but a span?  
When to an inch it dwindles down,  
Ice in his bones, snow on his Crown,  
That he within his crazy brain,  
Kind thoughts of Love should entertain,  
That he, when Harvest comes should plow,  
And when 'tis time to reap, go sow,  
• Who in imagination only strong,  
Tho' twice a Child, can never twice grow young,

## I I.

Nature did those design for Fools,  
That sue for work, yet have no tools.

H 4

What

What fellow feeling can there be  
 In such a strange disparity ?  
 Old age mistakes the youthful breast,  
 Love dwels not there, but interest :  
 Alas Good Man ! take thy repose,  
 Get ribband for thy thumbs, and toes,  
 Provide thee flannel, and a sheet of lead,  
 Think on thy coffin, not thy bridal bed.

---

*The* SLIGHT.

S O N G.

I.

**I** Did but crave that I might kiss,  
 If not her lip, at least her hand,  
 The coolest Lover's frequent bliss  
 And rude is she that will withstand  
 That inoffensive liberty

Shee

Shee (would you think it) in a fume  
 Turn'd her about and left the room,  
 Not she, she vow'd not she,

## II

Well *Chariessah* then said I,  
 If it must thus for ever be,  
 I can renounce my slavery,  
 And since you will not, can be free,  
 Many a time she made me dye,  
 Yet (would you think't) I lov'd the more,  
 But I'll not tak't as heretofore,  
 Not I, I'll vow not I,

---

## The P E N I T E N T

## S O N G.

## I

**H**Ad I but known some years ago  
 What wretched Lovers undergo.

The

The Tempests and the storms that rise  
From their beloved's dangerous eyes  
With how much torment they endure  
That Ague, and that Calenture ;  
Long since I had my error seen,  
Long since repented of my sin :  
Too late the souldier dread's the Trumpets sound  
That newly has receiv'd his mortal wound.

But so adventurous was I  
My fortunes all alone to try,  
Need's must I kiss the burning light,  
Because it shin'd, because 'twas bright,  
My heart with youthful heat on fire,  
I thought some God did me inspire ;  
And that blind zeal emboldned me,  
'T' attempt *Althea's* Deity ;  
Surely those happy pow'rs that dwell above,  
Or never courted, or enjoy'd their love.

---

*The Defiance.*

S O N G.

I.

**B**E not too proud imperious Dame,  
Your charms are transitory things,  
May melt, while you at heaven aim,  
Like *Icarus*'s waxen wings;  
And you a part in his misfortunes bear,  
Drown'd in a briny Ocean of despair.

I I.

You think your beauties are above  
The Poets brain, and Painters hand,  
As if upon the throne of Love  
You onely should the world command:  
Yet know, though you presume your title true;  
There are pretenders, that will Rival you.

There's

## III

There's an experient Rebel Time,  
 And in his Squadrons Poverty ;  
 There's Age that bring's along with him  
 A terrible Artillery :  
 And if against all these thou keep'st thy Crown,  
 Th' Usurper Death will make thee lay it down.

---

*The Surrender.*

## S O N G.

**I** Yeild, I Yeild! Divine *Althæa*, see  
 How prostrate at thy feet I bow,  
 Fondly in love with my Captivity,  
 So weak am I, so mighty thou !  
 Not long ago I could defie,  
 Arm'd with wine and company,  
 Beautie's whole Artillery :  
 Quite vanquish'd now by thy miraculous Charms ;  
 Here



Here fair, *Althea*, take my arms ;  
For sure he cannot be of humane race  
That can resist so bright, so sweet a face.

---

*The VVhim.*

## S O N G.

## I

**W**Hy so serious, why so grave?  
Man of business, why so muddy,  
Thy self from chance thou canst not save  
With all thy care and study.  
Look merrily then, and take thy repose ;  
For 'tis to no purpose to look so forlorn,  
Since the World was as bad, before thou wer't born  
And when it will mend who knows ?  
And a thousand year hence 'tis all one,  
If thou lay'st on a Dunghil, or satest on a Throne;

## II

To be troubled to be sad,  
Carking Mortal 'tis a folly

For

For a pound of pleasure's not so bad  
 As an ounce of Melancholly :  
 Since all our lives long we travel towards Death,  
 Let us rest us sometimes, and bait by the way,  
 'Tis but dying at last ; in our race let us stay,  
 And we shan't be so soon out of breath.  
 Sit the Comedy out, and that done, (down.  
 When the Play's at an end, let the Curtain fall

---

*The* R E N E G A D O.

S O N G.

I.

**R**Emov'd from fair *Urania's* eyes  
 Into a village far away,  
 Fond *Astrophil* began to say,  
 Thy charms *Urania* I despise ;  
 Go bid some other shepherd for thee dy,  
 That never understood thy Tyranny.

Return'd

I I:

Return'd at length the amorous Swain,  
 Soon as he saw his Dietie,  
 Ador'd again, and bow'd his knee,  
 Became her slave, and wore her Chain;  
 The needle thus that motionless did ly,  
 Trembles, and moves, when the lov'd Loadstone's  
 nigh.

---

PHILLIS *Withdrawn.*

I.

**I** Did but see her, and she's snatch't away,  
 I find I did but happy seem;  
 So small a while did my contentments stay,  
 As short and pleasant as a dream:  
 Yet such are all our satisfactions here,  
 They raise our hopes, and then they disappear.

## I I

Ill natur'd Stars that evermore conspire  
 To quench poor *Strephons* flame,  
 To stop the progress of his swift desire,  
 And leave him but an Aery Name ;  
 Why art thou doom'd (of no pretences proud)  
*Ixion*-like thus to embrace a Cloud ?

## I I I

Yet why should *Strephon* murmur, why complain,  
 Or envy *Phillis* her delight,  
 Why should her pleasures be to him a pain,  
 Easier perhaps out of his sight ?  
 No, *Strephon* no ! If *Phillis* happy be,  
 Thou should'st rejoyce, what e'r becom's of Thee

## I V.

Amidst the charming glories of the Spring  
 In pleasant Fields and goodly Bowers

Indulgent Nature seems concern'd to bring  
 All that may bless her innocent hours,  
 While thy disastrous Fate has ty'd thee down  
 To all the noise and Tumult of the Town.

v.

*Strepson* that for himself expects no good  
 To *Phillis* wishes every where,  
 A long serenity without a Cloud,  
 Sweet as these smiles of th' Infant year,  
 May *Haleçons* in her bosom build their nest  
 What ever storms shall discompose my breast.

---

*The Malecontent.*

S O N G.

**P***hillis*, O *Phillis*! Thou art fondly vain,  
 My wavering thoughts thus to molest,  
 Why should my pleasure be the onely pain,

I

That

That must torment my easie breast?  
 If with *Promethæus* I had stoll'n fire,  
     Fire from above,  
     As scorching and as bright, as that of love,  
     I might deserve *Jove's* ire,  
 A Vulture then might on my liver feed,  
     But now eternally I bleed,  
 And yet on Thee, on Thee lies all the blame,  
 Who freely gav'st the fewel and the flame.

---

*The indifferent*

S O N G.

**P**Rithee confess for my sake, and your own,  
     Am I the Man or no?  
 If I am he, thou can'st not do't too soon,  
 If not, thou canst not be too slow;  
 If Woman cannot love, Man's folly's great  
     Your Sex with so much zeal to treat;

But



But if we freely proffer to pursue  
 Our tender thoughts and spotless love,  
 Which nothing shall remove,  
 And you despise all this, pray what are you?

---

*The* H A R B O U R

S O N G.

**O** Tedious hopes ! when will the storm be o're!  
 When will the beaten Vessel reach the  
 shore !

Long have I striv'n with blustering winds and tides,  
 Clouds o're my head, Waves on my sides !

Which in my dark adventures high did swell,  
 While heaven was black as hell,

O Love, tempestuous Love, yet, yet at last,

Let me my Anchor cast,

And for the troubles I have undergone,

O bring me to a Port which I may call my own.

*The Unconcerned.*

## S O N G.

**N**OW that the world is all in amaze,  
 Drums, and Trumpets rending heav'ns,  
 Wounds a bleeding, Mortals dying,  
 Widdows and Orphans piteously crying;  
 Armies marching, Towns in a blaze,  
 Kingdomes and States at sixes and seven:  
 What should an honest Fellow do,  
 Whose courage, and fortunes run equally low?  
 Let him live say I till his glafs be run,  
 As easily as he may, (ther,  
 Let the wine, and the sand of his glafs flow toge-  
 For Life's but a winters day;  
 Alas from Sun to Sun,  
 The time's very short, very dirty the weather,  
 And we silently creep away,

Let

Let him nothing do, he could with undone;  
And keep himself safe from the noise of Gun.

---

*The Immoveable.*

S O N G.

I.

**W**Hat though the Skie be clouded o're,  
And Heav'n's Influence smile no more?  
Though Tempests rise, and Earthquakes make  
The giddy World's foundation shake?  
A gallant breast contemns the feeble blow  
Of angry Gods, and scorns what Fate can do;

II.

What if Alarums sounded be,  
And we must face our enemy,  
If Cannons bellow out a death,

Or Trumpets woo away our breath!

'Tis brave amidst the glittering Throng to die,

Nay *Sampson* like to fall with Company.

I I I.

Then let the Swordman domineer,

I can, nor Pike, nor Musket fear ;

Clog me with Chains, your envies tire,

For when I will, I can expire ;

And when the puling fit of Life is gone,

The worst that cruel man can do, is done.

*The Wish.*

S O N G.

I.

**N**Ot to the Hills where Cedars move  
Their cloudy head, not to the grove

Of

Of Myrtles in th' *Elysian* shade,  
Nor *Tempe* which the Poets made ;  
Not on the spicy mountaines play;  
Or travail to *Arabia* :  
I aime not at the careful throne,  
Which Fortune's darlings sit upon ;  
No, no, the best this fickle world can give  
Has but a little, little time to live.

I I.

But let me soar, O let me flie  
Beyond poor Earths benighted eye,  
Beyond the pitch swift Eagles towre,  
Above the reach of humane Power ;  
Above the Stars, above the way,  
Whence *Phæbus* darts his piercing ray.  
O let me tread those Courts that arc,  
So bright, so pure, so blest, so fair,  
As neither thou, nor I must never know  
On earth, 'tis thither, thither would I go.

---

*The Cordial.**In the year 1657.*

S O N G.

I

**D**Id you hear of the News (O the News) how  
it thunders!

Do but see, how the block headed Multitude won-  
ders!

One fumes, and stamps, and stares to think upon  
What others with as fast, Confusion.

One swears we're gone, another just a going  
While a third sits and cries,

'Till his half blinded eyes,  
Call him pitiful Rogue for so doing.

Let



Let the tone be what 'twill that the mighty Ones.  
utter,

Let the cause be what 'twill why the poorer, fort  
mutter ;

I care not what your State confounders do,  
Nor what the stout repiners undergo :

I cannot whine at any alterations ;

Let the *Swede* beat the *Dane*

Or be beaten again,

What am I in the Croud of the Nations?

II.

What care I if the North and South Poles comes to-  
gether ;

If the *Turk*, or the *Pope's Antichristian*, or nei-  
ther ;

If fine *Astræa* be (as *Naso* said)

From mortals in a peevish fancy fled :

*Rome*, when 'twas all on fire, her People  
mourning,

'Twas

'Twas an *Emperour* could stand  
 With his harp in his hand,  
 Sing and play, while the *City* was *burning*.

---

*Celadon on Delia singing.*

**O** *Delia!* for I know 'tis she,  
 It must be she, for nothing less could move  
 My tuneless heart, than something from *Above*.

I hate all earthly harmony :  
 Hark, Hark ye *Nymphs*, and *Satyrs* all around !  
 Hark how the baffled *Eccho* faints ; see how she dies  
 Look how the winged *Quire* all gasping lye's

At the melodious sound ;

See, while she sings

How they droop and hang their wings !

Angelick, *Delia* sing no more,

Thy song's too great for mortal ear ;

Thy charming notes we can no longer bear :

O then in pity to the World give o're,  
And leave us stupid as we were before.

Fair *Delia* take the fatal choice,  
Or veil thy beauty, or suppress thy Voice.

His passions thus poor *Celadon* betray'd,  
When first he saw, when he first he heard the lovely  
*Maid*.

# *The Advice.*

S O N G.

I.

**P**OOR *Celia* once was very fair  
A quick bewitching eye she had,  
Most neatly look't herbraided hair,  
Her dainty cheeks would make you mad,  
Upon her lip did all the *Graces* play,  
And on her breast ten thousand *Cupids* lay

Then

## II.

Then many a dotting Lover came  
From *seventeen* till *twenty one*,  
Each told her of his mighty flame,  
But she (forsooth) affected none,  
One was not handsome, t' other was not fine,  
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine,

## III.

But t'other day it was my fate,  
To walk along that way alone,  
I saw no Coach before her gate,  
But at the door I heard her moane,  
She dropt a tear, and sighing seem'd to say  
Young Ladies marry, marry while you may!

To Mr. Sam: Austin of Wadham Col. Oxon  
on his most unintelligible Poems.

S I R,

IN that small inch of time I stole, to look  
On th'obscure depths of your mysterious Book?  
(Heav'n bless my eye sight!) what strains did I see  
What Steropegeretick Poetrie!

What Hieroglyphick words, what all,

In Letters more than Cabalistical!

We with our fingers may your Verses scan,

But all our Noddles understand them can

No more, than read that dung fork, pothook hand

That in \* *Queen's Colledge Library* does

stand.

\*The Devils  
hand writ-  
ing in  
Queen's Col.  
Library at  
Oxford.

The cutting Hanger of your wit I can't see,

For that same scabbard that conceals your Fancy:

Thus a black velvet Casket hides a Jewel;

And a dark woodhouse, wholesome winter fuel;

Thus





Because they be things *Quibus lumen ademptum.*

I thought to have commended something there,  
But all exceeds my commendations far,  
I can say nothing ; but stand still, and stare,  
And cry O wondrous, strange, profound, and rare  
Vast Wits must fathome you better than thus.

You merit more than our praise : as for us

The Beetles of our Rhimes shall drive full  
fast in

The wedges of your worth to everlasting,  
My Much *Apocalyptiqu'* friend *Sam. Austin.*

*To my Ingenious Friend Mr. VVil-*

*liam Faithorn on his Book of Draw-*  
*ing, Etching, and Graving.*

**S**ould I attempt an Elogy, or Frame  
Paper-structure to secure thy name,

The

The lightening of one Censure, one stern frown  
Might quickly hazard that, and thy renown,  
But this thy Book prevents that fruitless pain,  
One line speaks purer Thee, than my best strain.  
Those mysteries (once like the spiteful mold,  
Which bars the greedy *Spaniard* from his Gold.)  
Thou dost unfold in every friendly Page,  
Kind to the present, and succeeding Age.  
That Hand, whose curious Art prolongs the date  
Of frail Mortality, and Baffle's Fate  
With Brass and Steel, can surely potent be,  
To rear a lasting monument for thee:  
For my part I prefer (to guard the Dead)  
A *Copper-Plate* beyond a Sheet of Lead.  
So long as Brass, so long as Books endure,  
So long as neat wrought-Pieces Thou 'rt secure.  
A [*Faithorn sculpsit*] is a charm can save  
From dull oblivion, and a gaping grave.

*On the Commentaries of Messire Blaize  
de Montluc. To the Worthy Transla-  
tor Charles Cotten; Esq;*

**H**E that would aptly write of warlike men,  
Should make his Ink of blood, a sword his  
Pen;

At least he must their memories abuse,  
Who writes with less than *Maro's* mighty Muse:  
All (Sir) that I could say of this great Theme  
(The Brave *Montluc*) would lessen his esteem;  
Whose Laurels too much native verdure have  
To need the Praises vulgar Chaplets crave:  
His own bold hand, what it durst write, durst do,  
Grappled with Enemies, and Oblivion too;  
Hewd his own Monument, and grav'd thereon,  
Its deep and durable inscription,

K

To

To you (*Sir*) whom the valiant Author owes,  
 His second Life, and Conquest o're his Foes;  
 Ill natur'd Foes, Time and Detraction,  
 What is a Stranger's Contribution!  
 Who has not such a share of vanity;  
 To dream that one, who with such industry  
 Obliges all the world, can be oblig'd by me.

---

### *A Character of a Belly God.*

*Catins and Horace.*

*Horace.*

**W** Hence Brother Case, and whither bound so  
 fast?

Ca. Oh, *Sir*, you must excuse me, I'm in haste,  
 I dine with my (Lord Mayor) and can't allow  
 Time for our eating Directory now,  
 Though I must needs confess, I think my Rules

Would

Would prove *Pythagoras* and *Plato* Fools.

Hor. *Grave Sir, I must acknowledge, 'tis a crime*  
*To interrupt at such a nick of time;*  
*Tet stay a little Sir, it is no Sin;*  
*You're to say Grace e're dinner can begin;*  
*Since you at food such Virtuoso are,*  
*Some Precepts to an hungry Poet spare.*

Ca. I grant you Sir, next pleasure t'ane in eating  
 Is that (as we do call it) of repeating;  
 I still have *Kitching Systems* in my mind,  
 And from my *Stomachs* fumes a brain well lin'd,

Hor. *Whence pray Sir learnt you those ingenuous*  
*Arts,*  
*From one at home, or hir'd from foreign parts?*

Ca. No names Sir (I beseech you,) that's foul  
 play,  
 We ne'r name *Authors*, only what they say.

I. 'For Eggs chuse long, the round are out of fa-  
 'Unfavoury and distasteful to the Nation (shion  
 'E're since the brooding *Ramp*, they're addle too,

' In the long Egg lyes *Cock a doodle-doo.*

2. ' chuse *Coleworts* planted on a soile that's dry,  
' Even they are *worse for th' wetting* (verily :)

3. ' If friend from far shall come to visit, then  
' Say thou wouldst treat the Wight with mortal *Hen,*  
' Do'nt thou forthwith pluck off the *cackling* head,  
' And impale Corps on *spit* as soon as dead ;  
' For so she will be *tough* beyond all measure,  
' And friend shall make a trouble of a pleasure,  
' Steept in good wine let her her life surrender,  
' O then shee'l eat most admirably tender.

4. ' *Mushromes* that grow in meadows are the best,  
' For ought I know there's poyson in the rest.

5. ' He that would many happy Summers see  
' Let him eat *Mulberries* fresh off the Tree,  
' Gather'd before the Sun's too high, for these  
' Shall hurt his stomack less than *Cheshire* Cheese.

6. ' *Ausfidius* (had you done so t'had undone ye)  
' Sweetned his morning's draughts of *Sack* with *Honey;*  
' But he did ill, to empty veines to give



‘Corroding *Potion* for a *Lenitive*.

7. ‘If any man to *drink* do thee iaveigle in,

‘First whet thy *whist*’e with some good *Metheglin*

8. ‘If thou art *bound*, and in continual doubt

‘Thou shalt get in no more till some get out,

‘The *Muscle*, or the *Cockle* will unlock

‘Thy bodies *trunck*, and give a vent to *nock*;

‘Some say that *Sorrel* Steep’t in Wine will do

‘But to be sure, put in some *Aloes* too.

9. ‘All *shel-fish* (with the growing *Moon* increast)

‘Are ever, when she fills her *Orb*, the best;

‘But for brave *Oysters*, Sir, exceeding rare,

‘They are not to be met with every where;

‘Your *Wall fleet Oysters* no man will prefer

‘Before the juicy *Grass-green Colchester*;

‘*Hungerford Crawfish* match me if you can,

‘There’s no such crawlers in the Ocean. (think

10. ‘Next for your Suppers, you (it may be)

‘There goe’s no more to’t, but just *eat* and *drink*;

‘But let me tell you Sir, and tell you plain,

' To dress 'em well requires a man of brain ;  
 ' His *Palate* must be quick, and smart, and strong,  
 ' For sauce, a very *Critick* in the tongue.

11. ' He that payes dear for *Fish*, nay though the  
       best,

' May please his *Fishmonger*, more than his *Guest*,  
 ' If he be ignorant what sauce is proper,  
 ' Ther's *Machiavel* in the *Menage* of a Supper.

12. ' For *Swines-flesh*, give me that of the *Wilde*  
       *Boar*,

' Pursu'd and hunted all the Forreſt o're ;  
 ' He to the liberal *Oke* ne're quits his love,  
 ' And when he finds no *Acorns*, grunts at *Jove* ;  
 ' The *Hampshire Hog* with Pease and Whey that  
       fed

' Sti'd up, is neither good alive nor dead.

13. ' The tendrels of the *Vine* are Sallads good  
 ' If when they are in season understood.

14. ' If servants to thy board a *Rabbit* bring,

' Be wise and in the first place carve a wing.

15. When

15. 'When Fish and Fowl are right, and at just  
age,

'A feeders curiosity t' assuage,

'If any ask, who found the Mystery?

'Let him enquire no farther, I am he.

16. 'Some fancy bread out of the Oven hot,  
'Variety's the *Glutton's* happiest lot.

17. 'Its not enough the *Wine* you have be pure,  
'But of your *Oyl* as well you ought be sure.

18. 'if any fault be in the *generous Wine*,  
'Set it abroad all night, and 'twill refine,  
'But never strein't, nor let it pass through *linen*,  
'*Wine* will be worse for that, as well as Women,

19. 'The Vintner that of *Malaga* and *Sherry*  
'With damn'd ingredients patcheth up *Canary*,  
'With *segregative* things, as *Pigeons* eggs,  
'Strait purifies, and takes away the dregs.

20. 'An'ore charg'd Stomack roasted *shrimps* will  
ease.

'The Cure by *Lettuce* is worse than the disease,

21. 'To quicken appetite it will behoove ye

'To feed courageously on good *Anchovie*.

22. '*Wesphalia Ham*, and the *Bolognia Sawfage*;

'For second or third course will clear a passage,

'But *Lettuce* after meals! fie on't, the Glutton

'Had better feed upon *Ram-ally Mutton*.

23. 'Twere worth one's while in Palace or in Cot-  
tage,

'Right well to know the sundry sorts of *Pottage*;

'There is your *French Pottage*, *Nativity* broth,

'Yet that of *Fetterlane* exceeds them both;

'About a limb of a departed *Tup*

'There may you see the green herbs boyling up,

'And fat abundance o're the furnace floate,

'Resembling *Whale-Oyl* in a *Greenland Boat*,

24. 'The *Kentish Pippin's* best, I dare be bold,

'That ever blew-cap *Costard-monger* sold.

25. 'Of *Grapes*, I like the *Raisins of the Sun*.

'I was the First immortal Glory won,

'By

By mincing *Pickle Herrings* with these *Raisins*  
' And Apples; 'Twas I set the world a gazing,  
' When once they tasted of this *Hogan Fish*,  
' Pepper and Salt *enamelling* the dish.

26. 'Tis ill to purchase great Fish with great  
matter,

' And then to serve it up in scanty platter;  
' Nor is it lesse unseemly some believe,  
' From Boy with *greasy* fist *drink* to receive,  
' But the cup foul within's enough to make  
' A *squeamish* creature puke and turn up *stomach*.

27. ' Then *Brooms* and *Napkins* and the *Flanders*  
Tyle,

' These must be had too, or the Feast you spoil,  
' Things little thought on, and not very dear,  
' And yet how much they cost one in a year!

28. ' Would'st thou rub *Alabaster* with hands sa-  
ble,

' Or spread a *Diaper* cloth on dirty Table?

' More cost, more worship: Come: be *a la mode*

' Embelish

Embellish *Treat*, as thou wouldst do an *Ode*,

Hor. O learned *sir*, how greedily I hear

*This elegant Diatriba of good cheer!*

*Now by all that's good, by all provant you love,*

*By sturdy Chine of Beefe, and mighty Jove,*

*I do conjure thy gravity, let me see*

*The man that made thee this Discovery;*

*For he that sees Original's more happy*

*Than him that draws by an illfavour'd Copy,*

*O bring me to the man, I so admire!*

*The Flint from whence brake forth these sparks of  
fire,*

*What satisfaction would the vision bring?*

*If sweet the stream, much sweeter is the spring.*



# *The Disappointed.*

*Pindarique Ode.*

STANZA I.

O Ft have I pondered in my penfive heart,  
When even from my felf I've ftoll'n away,  
And heavily confidered many a day,  
The caufe of all my anguish, and my fmart :

Sometimes befides a shady grove,  
(As dark as were my thoughts, as clofe as was my  
Love)

Dejected have I walk't alone,  
Acquainting fcarce my felf with my own moan.  
Once I refolv'd undauntedly to hear,  
What 'twas my *Paflions* had to fay,

To

To find the reason of that uproar there,  
 And calmly, if I could, to end the fray :  
 No sooner was my resolution known  
 But I was all Confusion .

Fierce *Anger*, flattering *Hope*, and black *Despair*,  
 Bloudy *Revenge*, and most ignoble *Fear*,  
 Now alto gether clamorous were,  
 My breast a perfect *Chaos* grown,  
 Amass of nameless things together hurld,  
 Like th' formless *Embrio* of the unborn world,  
 Just at it's rouzing from eternal night,  
 Before the great *Creator* said, *Let there be light*.

## I I

Thrice happy then are Beasts said I,  
 That underneath these pleasant Coverts ly,  
 They only sleep, and eat, and drink,  
 They never meditate, nor think ;  
 Or if they do, have not the unhappy art.

# POEMS.

41

To vent the overflowings of their heart,  
They without trouble live, without disorder die,  
Regardless of Eternity.

I said, I would like them be wise,  
And not perplex my self in vain,  
Nor bite the uneasy Chain,

No no said I, I will *Philosophize* !  
And all the ill natur'd World despise :

But when I had reflected long,  
And with deliberation thought  
How few have practic'd, what they gravely  
taught,

(Tho' 'tis but folly to complain)  
I judg'd it worth a generous disdain,  
And brave defiance in *Pindarique* Song!

III.

&c.

FINIS.

TO THE  
HONORABLE  
MEMBERS OF THE  
HOUSE OF COMMONS  
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED  
I HAVE THE HONOR TO ACKNOWLEDGE  
THE RECEIPT OF YOUR LETTER  
OF THE 14TH INSTANT  
IN RELATION TO THE  
MATTER OF THE  
SOUTH AFRICAN  
LOAN  
AND TO ASSURE YOU  
THAT THE  
MATTER IS  
NOW UNDER  
CONSIDERATION  
OF THE  
FINANCIAL  
COMMISSIONERS  
AND THAT  
A REPORT  
WILL BE  
FORWARDED  
TO YOU  
AS SOON  
AS POSSIBLE  
I AM, SIR,  
YOUR OBLIGED  
SERVANT  
J. H. B. [Signature]

THE  
SECRETARY  
TO THE  
HOUSE OF COMMONS  
LONDON







